JOHN BULL, week ending NOVEMBER 29, 1941.

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXX 1850

3D EVERY THURSDAY

TOO MUCH KNOCKING? By the Editor

OPEN LETTER TO B.B.C. CHIEF

WATCH THE VICHY RATS! By A.G.G.

LONG LIVE OUR CLOTHES -
- BECAUSE OXYDOL LIVELY LATHER ENDS "WASH-TUB WEAR AND TEAR"
Do you know that clothes actually wear out in the wash-tub? It's true — scientific tests prove that "wash-tub wear and tear" is actually *doubled* by hard rubbing and scrubbing and boiling with bleaching powders. These rough methods wear clothes out before their time!
So, cut down "wash-tub wear and tear" to-day, with Oxydol! Washed with Oxydol, clothes last nearly half as long again, because Oxydol's amazing lively lather gets out all the dirt with *absolute safety*. This means you can save enough precious clothes coupons for new winter shoes for all the family! Prove this for yourself. Buy your first packet of Oxydol to-day.
OXYDOL
You can buy Oxydol everywhere: 7d. & 3½d.
REMEMBER - OXYDOL FOR LIVELY LATHER!
OXYDOL

MEDALS FOR HOUSE-WIVES

THE BRITISH HOUSEWIFE is helping to make a second front—the Kitchen Front—against Hitler. That is why we say "Medals for you, Madam." *Is there anything else you can do?* Read the list of awards below and see how many your household deserves. *More* medals for you, Madam!

A Medal for this . . .

Making delicious dishes from home-grown vegetables; with just a *flavouring* of meat or fish.

A Medal for this . . .

As far as possible, planning meals ahead for the week, to save journeys to the shops, and to help to relieve shopping congestion and queues.

A Medal for this . . .

Keeping the outside of pots and pans as clean as the insides; the slightest film of dirt stops heat getting through and thus wastes fuel.

A Medal for this . . .

When there's too little fish or meat left for another meal, using it to stuff potatoes cooked in their jackets.. (*Chop the meat or fish. Scoop out centre of potato. Mix together; add a dab of margarine or dash of sauce. Replace in centre of potato and re-heat.*)

A Medal for this . . .

Trying new things, fresh-salted cod for instance, acting on recipes and hints from Kitchen Front Wireless Talks, Food Advice Centres and Ministry of Food Magazine Announcements.

A Medal for this . . .

Saving all bread crusts and crumbs, even the crumbs off plates, drying them in the oven and making crisp rusks or crumbs to use in cooking.

A Medal for this . . .

Never accepting more than the rations; and going without rather than pay unfairly high prices for foods that may be scarce.

FOOD FACTS

No. 69.

MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

PLEASE GO EASY

with the

MARMITE

(Registered Trade Mark)

How much should you eat?

How much Weetabix, for example? It is so very delicious that the temptation to eat more than is necessary is almost irresistible.

But one must curb one's appetite. All foods must be used sparingly and Weetabix is a most valuable food. It brings to your table, in the pleasantest possible form, the complete goodness of the wheat.

Though more Weetabix is being made, so many more people are eating it, that there is sometimes difficulty in obtaining. So, when you get Weetabix, make it go as far as possible. Use it with other foods to make all go further. Here is one way:—

"Weetabix" Fish Cakes

Four Weetabix. ½ lb. cooked fish, pepper, salt, 1 tablespoon parsley, yolk of egg, breadcrumbs. Crush Weetabix into a basin, add flaked fish, season with pepper, salt, parsley. Shape into balls. If necessary, use a little milk. Coat with egg, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Fry in deep hot fat until nicely browned.

Weetabix

More than a Breakfast Food!

Standard Size 7½d.
Double Size 1/1d.

WEETABIX LTD., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, NORTHANTS

GO-SUCK A ZUBE!

4½D TINS and 8D or 3½D PER OZ.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS, SORE THROATS, SORE CHESTS

Suits child or adult

Here's a laxative for young or old, for the strong or the delicate. Lixen is thoroughly effective in action and, at the same time, so gentle as to be quite safe even for children. Made from senna pods, Lixen does not 'gripe' or irritate. *And it is pleasant to take!*

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, 8½d., 1/2. Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Limited.

LIXEN

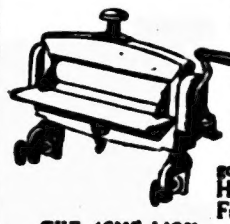
THE GOOD-NATURED Laxative

1.5G2

a word of four letters meaning the finest wringer-mangle-cleanser-all in one!

ACME

The makers deeply regret that, owing to wartime conditions, it may be impossible to renew the limited stocks of ACME Wringers at present available. Whenever peace is restored and conditions allow, ACMES will again be obtainable through all good Ironmongers Hardware and Furnishing Stores.



THE ACME LION

"Sorry to butt in . . .
but where do you get your VP?"

There's a time and a place for every question . . . . and even your best friends won't always give you the answer to this one! For supplies of V.P. Wines are limited in these days. But they can still be got and if you try you will find a wine merchant who has the answer on his shelves.

VP POINT BRAND

RICH RUBY 3/9 per bottle

V.P. SWEET WHITE. *A white sweet wine of Port character with fine delicate bouquet.*

V.P. RICH RUBY. *A rich, full bodied, generous wine of Port character.*

V.P. GRATION SHERRY. *A fully matured medium sherry of delightful aroma and delicacy.*

Produced and bottled by VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 29, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

SEVEN DAYS

● **Is that queer little religious sect, the Seventh Day Adventists, willing to help Britain preserve religious and political freedom by defeating Hitler?**

We ask because it is impeding our war effort.

It owns a college where students receive theological training during the morning and practise "arts and crafts" in the afternoon.

The premises are urgently required by the Government for important war purposes. No other building would do.

The Seventh Day Adventists have several times been offered alternative accommodation.

And each time they have found some flimsy excuse for refusing it.

It is understood by the general public that a certain amount of inconvenience must be part of the general sacrifice if this war against tyranny is to be won.

Are we to understand that the leaders of the 5,000 Adventists prefer to put their own convenience before the interests of the nation?

If not, we shall be glad to receive their assurance that they will no longer delay the work of a vital Service Department. And we should like it within seven days.

Straight from the Shoulder

ON THE RUN

HAVING taken the initiative, we should keep it.

We must keep the enemy on the run. We must make this winter the worst in his history.

Not only Libya, but other sectors of our vast World Front should see his plans frustrated and his hopes destroyed.

Attack and Produce!

There should be swift and daring assault wherever and whenever the opportunity allows. We should make opportunities.

And there should be a steady but far quicker growth in the output of our war factories.

JOHN BULL believes that these aims will be realised.

First Fruits

Already the Libyan offensive has shown that we can act coolly as well as courageously.

Already it has brought us rich rewards. Yet we must not expect quick results.

The battle will be grim, it may be long.

Vantage Points

The enemy will fight for Benghazi to the last grain of sand. For Benghazi is one of his two main supply bases.

The other is Tripoli. To advance across the 600 miles of desert between them will test the endurance of our men and machines to the utmost.

Superior Forces

But they will not be found wanting. They will be screened by an Air Force that has a clear superiority over the enemy.

There are reasons to believe that we also have the advantage in tanks and troops.

So, this time, Tripoli must be taken.

Next Move

From Tripoli, we shall command the central Mediterranean. From Tripoli, we can prepare to invade Sicily or Italy itself.

What is perhaps more important, we can influence Vichy and Madrid.

Exit Weygand

Vichy has sacked Weygand so that more German reinforcements can be rushed to French Morocco.

That is now clear to all. But strangely little attention has been paid to ominous events that are not less important.

New Forts

In Madrid, the Foreign Minister has conferred with the ambassadors of Germany, Italy and Japan.

In Spanish Morocco there is intense activity along the coast from Melilla to Larache; the great system of fortifications built by Dr. Todt's engineers is nearing completion.

Our leaders must consider these facts as carefully as they watch the French Fleet.

Russia and Us

In Russia, the military barometer is still pointing to Stormy. But the political barometer is Set Fair.

The Axis can have found no comfort in last week's statement of Anglo-Russian policy. It has underlined the solidarity of the Allies—solidarity that cannot now be impaired by such shameful British blunders as the stranding of M. Litvinov.

And soon the Axis should be faced by joint Anglo-Russian forces.

Another Battlefield

We may expect fighting in the Caucasus next month.

Having vainly launched nineteen offensives against Moscow, baulked in the north, the Nazis will drive southwards in an effort to reach the oilfields.

It will be a rough journey. More than 300 miles of mountains bar the way to Batum.

That grim-faced warrior, Marshal Timoshenko, is another obstacle in the Nazis' path. So is General Wavell.

Japan's Dilemma

The Japanese prepare for an even harder fight; neither Britain nor the U.S.A. are willing to allow them to "save face."

But the long hesitations of the Tokio warlords have enabled us to make our strongholds almost impregnable. It is significant that Uncle Sam now plans not merely to defend the Philippines, but to make them his main base for action.

If Japan means war, she has thrown away her strongest weapon—Time.

Gaps in the Armour

At home, the manpower debate in Parliament shows that though we have strengthened our industrial network there are still large gaps to fill.

Production is good, still not good enough.

Under and Over

Many, many factories are producing more than their quota. Many thousands of our people are cheerfully overworking and voluntarily decided weeks ago to forgo their Christmas holidays.

But many of our people, also, are under-working—and the fault is not theirs.

Comb them Out!

While there are still armies of men and women not on essential work, nevertheless our labour supply is not inexhaustible.

The immediate need is to get 100 per cent. output from *all* the factories that are already adequately staffed.

To achieve that imperative necessity, we need a national comb-out of protected factories to ensure that no man or woman is badly employed.

Backs to the Land

Food supplies are again threatened by the call-up of more farm workers.

Yet still more should be produced from our fertile land. Unfortunately, no glimpse of foresight is visible in the nation's agricultural plans.

Sometimes, indeed, the very plans become invisible, and we are left wondering whether the Ministry of Agriculture cares a straw for the morrow.

Speed the Plough!

The Minister, Mr. Robert Hudson, actually declares that the ploughing-up campaign is finished.

It should not be finished either this year or next. For land still lies waste in Britain; land that should be producing its maximum of crops or grass.

Look Ahead

Moreover, better organisation should be applied to the existing machinery of distribution and farm labour.

Improvements here would save shipping now and make post-war farming more secure.

Cross-Atlantic

Thanks to American aid, our shipping position is satisfactory. But American arms production is only a trickle compared with its potential flood.

It is a useful addition to our own efforts, but it is far from being decisive.

Low Gear

The U.S.A. is slow to realise that lavish luxury production cannot be allowed to proceed if *full* munitions production is desired.

That is an even bigger factor than the strikes and lock-outs of which we hear so much.

Our Fight

The mighty task of arming Britain and her Allies therefore remains the chief duty of Britain herself.

JOHN BULL makes no apology for repeating that warning week by week. It is a warning that cannot be stressed too often, that cannot be ignored without disaster.

Confidence

So we cannot be complacent, though we have reason for confidence.

We can expect as great an improvement in our position in 1942 as we gained in 1941.

We shall expect triumph in North Africa. We should hope for heavy surprise blows against the enemy elsewhere. We shall increase the power of the Soviet Union to hit back and hit hard.

Behind the Lines

All this will demand more than shrewd strategy and vigorous tactics. Ultimately, victory will depend on the organisation of our factories, our land, our shipping and ourselves.

The Government will have the people's support for every measure designed to that end.

(Continued overleaf)

THESE THIEVES ARE TRAITORS

● **Pilfering on the railways has grown to huge proportions.**

Time and effort are wasted. The companies are paying out huge sums in compensation.

Extra staff has been engaged because porters and other rail workers have been called-up. It is perhaps inevitable that the newcomers include rogues who have no respect for the fine code established by the N.U.R.

But the crime wave they have launched—and the public can have little realisation of its extent—must be checked.

JOHN BULL **suggests that the railway police should be augmented. If necessary, by regular police.**

We urge, furthermore, that convicted railway thieves should be punished by the maximum sentences allowed by law.

Much as we criticise the railways, we recognise that they are performing a vital war service. Whoever impedes war service by criminal methods is worse than a criminal and should be treated [illegible] enemy of the country.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ARE gunners in one A.A. unit sleeping in leaky tents? Do they have to wash, shave and drink from a stream? Why has the sentry no rifle, but only a bayonet brazed on to an iron tube?

We put those questions to the War Office in a recent issue. But there was no need for the War Office to answer.

The commanding officer saw the JOHN BULL paragraph—and things moved quickly.

Even a Bath!

Huts were erected, floors concreted, beds sent along. The sentry was given a real rifle. Arrangements have even been made for the men to have a bath!

No, we're not going to prate of the power of the Press. We'll merely deplore the fact that it has to be left to the Press to make some commanding officers realise their responsibilities.

Bogey Men

The whimsies of one officer make his men wonder if they (or he) should still be in the nursery.

Recently he ordered one party of them to rescue a fairy princess from an ogre's castle. The "princess" was a dummy that took a sapper a long time to make; the "ogre" was hidden in woods from which the "rescuers" were chased by other troops.

Useful training, of course. But fighting men aren't keen on fairy books.

River of Petrol

The same company was recently due for a visit by a Brass-hat. To make the place glitter for the occasion, 64 gallons of petrol and 32 pints of oil were used to clean the lorries.

The men didn't like that, either.

You see, some of them have brothers sailing on petrol tankers.

Mental!

Forty other soldiers—nurses at a military mental hospital—were recently rushed abroad. On arrival, we are told, they found no cases awaiting their care.

It seems that the outpost had asked for *sisters*—so the forty trained men are now dusting and sweeping.

One consolation is that the enemy makes even worse mental mistakes.

Guests for Italy

He is, for example, sending large numbers of wounded from the Russian front to Italy. On some Austrian railways all traffic has been stopped for this purpose.

But the sight of an army of German casualties in their midst will hardly improve the Italians' falling spirits.

Army Pay

Some of our own men might be more contented if their pay and their family allowances hadn't been reduced.

They are the radiolocation men, and their trade pay has been stopped since women began to take part in the work.

Moreover, promotion is so hard to get in their branch of the Service that they have little hope of making good their loss.

Totally Disabled

Some medical boards are still choosing the wrong type of man for the Services.

An ex-fireman was recently called up for the R.A. He had been passed into Grade 2, yet six months previously he had received severe spinal injuries, and after two months in hospital had been pensioned off from the A.F.S. as totally disabled.

The Fire Brigade Union has had his papers withdrawn. They should not have been sent.

No Grumble

We know a one-eyed man who has been called up. He has had to close his food distributing business.

"I'm not grumbling," he says, "but I notice others more fortunately placed who are allowed to remain in charge of their businesses."

A reasonable point of view which we commend to official notice.

Wasted Effort

Incidentally, time and paper and transport might be saved by recruiting centres.

Men rejected for the Services, but available for war work, are asked certain questions at their medical examination, and a day or two later receive a posted form to fill up.

Why not complete it on the spot?

Mr. Bevin's Tour

That is a matter for Mr. Bevin's officials. But let no one accuse Mr. Bevin of wasting time or transport by touring the country.

He has not merely met the directors of the war plants he has been visiting. He has talked to the men—and let them talk to him.

And he took along Lord Ashfield to hear their complaints about bad transport.

Surprise Visits

This meets JOHN BULL's recent appeal that Ministers should pay surprise visits to war works and talk things over with the workers.

But we shall not be content until some of his colleagues follow Mr. Bevin's example.

Nothing Doing

One of their first calls should be to a large and famous dockyard.

We have referred before to similar and highly disturbing complaints from this Naval dockyard. And we are asking Whitehall for a full investigation.

Christmas Harvest

Don't forget to report cases of overcharging to your local price committee. The warning is necessary because some shops are trying to turn Christmas into their own harvest.

One bought a large number of women's handbags at 8½d. each, is selling them retail at 6s. 9d.

No-Fire Fireman

As for that new ramp, the N.F.S., the latest oddity reported to us concerns an insurance agent who has been appointed section officer.

He has never been to a fire. Men who helped to train him, including one with sixteen years' service, were turned down.

Battle of the Gap

Now for this week's example of Ministry of Pensions meanness:

Living in Congleton is a poor, elderly widow. Her eldest son was reported missing after a naval action. After eight months his death was presumed.

Thanks largely to the local Press, she has secured a pension of 6s. a week. But the Ministry won't pay for the eight months during which her boy was "missing."

No Saving

But there's nothing mean about Surbiton Council. It has circularised householders with a Warship Week programme of whist drives and other revels, printed on art paper and including a short letter from the town clerk on a large sheet of fine paper.

Of course, we should save paper for bullets as well as money for warships. But you couldn't expect Surbiton officials to realise that.

Telling the World

Unfortunate idea of economy is seen in the car-census being held in rural Britain.

Special police in one Essex area have compiled the lists on odd scraps of paper and left them with car owners to add details.

What a gift to car thieves.

No Shelter

The L.N.E.R. could surely offer better conditions for its fire-watchers.

At one goods depot men who have been soaked to the skin have no opportunity of drying their clothes before starting fire-watch—so they are in damp clothes for thirty hours.

Overcrowded

And the L.M.S. could surely improve conditions on its steamers merely by applying a little common-sense.

There is gross overcrowding in third-class quarters of soldiers and their wives coming home from North Ireland. On one recent crossing 109 people were jammed in a saloon with accommodation for thirty-five.

But the first-class quarters were almost empty.

It's a Long Time

Again we must complain of delay by the War Damage Commission.

A reader's house was wrecked early this year. He sent in a claim right away. Had it been met quickly he could have found builders to carry out the repairs.

It has only just been settled, and the work cannot be carried out. Though he cannot live in the house, he is not entitled to billeting allowance!

Only a Month

Just one month after a woman had been taken to hospital with dysentery, a Middlesex health officer called at the house to ask where she had bought the food she had consumed.

Why not wait till next year? By that time the whole neighbourhood might have died from the disease, so there would have been no need to make enquiries.

Cold Comfort

No consolation for villagers near Stafford is the news that London has plenty of coal.

For they have no electricity or gas, yet are allowed only six hundredweight a month, and their menfolk cannot be given hot meals or a bath when they come home from work.

Yet they are surrounded by coal-mines!

Glad to Hear It!

Better consolation is the news from Germany—reports that people in taverns try to shout down the broadcast news bulletins, that morale is falling in South Germany and Austria, that the food situation is becoming worse.

This does not mean that we are within sight of the end. It does not mean that we can afford to sit back and wait for the inevitable "cracking" of our enemy.

But it does afford encouragement for a still greater effort by our people—above all, by our officialdom.

Behind the News

● **Nazis have failed to hide desertions by crack troops before Moscow and evidence that high number of less tough troops have already frozen to death for lack of winter equipment and treatment for lung complaints.**

● *Soviet guerillas, reinforced from special planes, have developed a system of lightning attacks far behind Nazi lines which has earned them the name of the "Ghost Killers."*

● Since Italy entered the war 2,000,000 tons of her registered shipping of 3,400,000 tons have been put out of action.

● **Moreover, Italian warships seldom fire their big guns, because wholesale graft in Rome has resulted in such poor material for manufacture that the risk of internal explosion is very great.**

● *Premier's assurance of air parity with Germany has discredited Lindbergh, who insisted that Anglo-U.S.A. effort could never catch up with Nazi start of five years.*

● Allied leaders, studying Bishop Galen's anti-Nazi accusations in view of Hitler's peace kite, notice that Galen's objections are limited to religion, but that he always praises German soldiers and their splendid victories.

● **Himmler has been forced to establish H.Q. in Rumania, where trouble is brewing because of huge army losses and lack of food.**

● *Other occupied countries have new encouragement in noticing that Nazi garrisons are now almost entirely composed of men over forty-five.*

● Latest German effort to hide extent of eastern front losses is to evacuate dozens of less important French, Italian and other seaside resorts, cordon them off, and send casualties there by night trains.

● **Portugal has refused Berlin request to allow residence "for health reasons" of a small army of Nazis who have recently been expelled from U.S.A. and South America.**

● *Hitler's chief agent, Weidemann, is now in Tokio, ordered to force Japan into war at all costs. Other Nazi agents under Von Hueber, chief Gestapo spy in the East, are to be "disciplined" for failure to move Japan earlier.*

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

TOO MUCH KNOCKING?

WHEN Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, M.P., remarked the other day that the Government was probably listening to his every word, we think he flattered himself.

Not that we wish to disparage this able and sincere critic. Far from it! We realise that Mr. Shinwell's interventions in debate have been stimulating and useful.

But, if the Government were really to hang upon the words of all its critics, it would have to let the conduct of the war go hang, and it would infallibly hang itself and the country into the bargain.

The fact is that during recent months there has been too much criticism of the querulous kind; too much nagging and too much "knocking."

JOHN BULL has never pulled its punches. We hit out, and we hit hard when we are fighting smugness, hypocrisy or incompetence. We are jealous not only of our own right to criticise, but of the Press's right and Parliament's right—yes, and your individual right—to criticise, too.

We contend, however, that it is bad policy to do "nothing else but." It is neither fair nor sensible to bait ministerial bulls merely for the sake of making them wild.

Above all, we deplore and resent the tendency among certain critics to sneer at every national effort and to belittle every national achievement.

Why? Because, taking Britain's war effort by and large, JOHN BULL asserts that this country has put up "a good show."

We use the particular under-statement which has been made famous by the Royal Air Force, whose incomparable crews expect no greater commendation.

And the fact that we have now attained numerical parity with Germany in the air is, all things considered, by no means a bad show for the Government.

It is true that we may need to double or even treble the strength of the R.A.F. in order to achieve final mastery over the enemy, but he had an immense start of us, and what is left of the neutral world is profoundly impressed by the way in which we have overhauled him.

NOT even the most carping critics can find much fault with the British Navy, but Mr. Churchill's announcement that it is to-day strong enough to send big men-of-war into the Pacific and *still* fulfil its mighty and varied tasks in the Atlantic and nearer oceans must have thrilled our friends and dismayed our enemies.

Think what that statement means in terms of new construction. Think not only of the Senior Service but of the work that has been done in British yards to maintain its giant strength.

Mr. Bevin says that, in order to fulfil our promises to Russia and to meet our own requirements, production will have to be increased by 30 or 40 per cent.

But it is not fair to infer from this statement that, bearing everything in mind, production up to now has been deficient to that extent.

JOHN BULL, of course, not only sees, but has often exposed, grave flaws in Britain's man-power and production policy.

But we also know and declare that the vast majority of the population is willing and eager to forge the tools of victory, no matter what hours have to be worked; no matter what sacrifices have to be made—and has done so.

There is legitimate grumbling in this country about the glaring inequalities of pay and "sacrifice." These arise in the main from the fact that the Government has not attempted to formulate a national wages policy.

But even here it must be remembered that the Government is making steady, if slow, progress at least towards comparative justice.

Again, in spite of all the criticism which has been levelled at Lord Woolton, in spite of the black markets and the ubiquitous profiteer, no impartial observer can deny that, on the whole, there is enough food to go round at prices which have *not* been unreasonably increased.

JOHN BULL is not excusing the many blunders which have been made by the Food Ministry; we are simply taking the balanced view that the people of this country in the third year of total war are better and more cheaply fed than the people of Germany.

We are the most heavily taxed people in the world, but JOHN BULL observes with wonder and admiration that, in spite of the immense additional burden this community was called upon to bear at the beginning of November, there has been so far no falling off in the total of weekly saving (though even more must be done).

Perhaps the time may come when saving and lending will have to be made compulsory. Meanwhile, no impartial observer can deny the public's magnificent response to the Government's call for stern economy, and the Government's achievements in handling the gigantic financial problem.

Then those who have shouted that the Government seemed to have no real plan to open up a second front must realise now that the big offensive started in Libya could only have been based on plans made many months ago—even before the critics started shouting!

Indeed, criticism without balance is like alcohol without water: what should be a stimulant becomes nothing but a knock-out drug.

THERE are some among us who hold the mistaken notion that the way to achieve full efficiency is to "knock" every honest mistake and "crab" every achievement.

That method does not pay and never will. An ounce of praise is worth a ton of unconstructive blame. Individuals and Governments cannot function happily without occasional recognition of their successes to balance the criticism of their failures.

That is why "John Bull" takes this opportunity to repeat that the men and women of Britain have put up a good show, and that the Government itself, with all its failings, has obtained some grand results which the Germans must envy.

All sane Germans must envy us our freedom to criticise the powers-that-be. Let us, then, preserve that freedom and not abuse it. Let us be prepared to give and take hard knocks, but let us have done with peevish, exasperating and futile "knocking"—and more often give praise where it is due.

CALLING ALL CURS: III . . . By GERALD KERSH

Let the Children Die! says Mrs. T—

IT is interesting to observe the things for which people sell their souls.

If the devil needed to go around buying people, as he does in the old legends, he wouldn't need to arm himself with the traditional piles of gold.

He could wander the world with a junk-barrow, and in exchange for unconsidered rubbish get as many souls as he could carry. (Not that some people need to be bought, anyway. Give them a little time, and they damn themselves very effectively.)

Ivar Kreuger sold himself for bits of paper which represented an unimaginable sum called £200,000,000.

Judas Iscariot went to the fires for thirty bob.

But Mrs. T——has sold her soul for an empty box.

The box is in the form of a house. She doesn't even love her house: she fears it, for it owns her.

She is a slave to that house; she is buried alive in it. A lid is nailed down upon her, and she calls it "the roof over her head."

I say she has sold her soul.

* * *

That which raised Mrs. T—— above the level of the beasts that perish is no longer her own. Like Frankenstein, she has made a monster that has destroyed her.

She might nail *Der Fuehrer* on her front gate, instead of *The Nest*.

She has taken unto herself certain graven images called Bedroom Suites, Drawing-Room Suites, and Carpets. They tell her what to do; she does it.

Her house is full of Taboos, like the totem-house of a Melanesian cannibal. For instance, you mustn't sit in such-and-such a place, because the chairs won't like it; you mustn't smoke in such-and-such a room, because the curtains might be offended.

Well—this, in peace time, was pitiable, but not specifically bad.

The acid which discovered the gold or the black of the good or the evil in Mrs. T——'s house-worship was applied only a few weeks ago.

* * *

Mrs. T—— lives in a picturesque little town (I had better not say where). There is countryside around her. She is in as safe a spot as you would be likely to find on this sea-washed rock which is supposed to be the last stronghold of decency in Europe.

She has had children of her own—though they got more smacks in the face than kisses for treading on forbidden areas of floor, and passed their formative years in a damp atmosphere of perpetual Spring-cleaning.

A billeting officer called on Mrs. T——, and, seeing that she had room for the comfortable accommodation of at least four children, suggested that it would be only right and proper for Mrs. T—— to take them in.

At this, Mrs. T—— went into a state of neurotic savagery.

Children? *Children?* She'd never heard of such a thing in all her life.

What are children? Mess, filth, noise.

What do children do? Soil things, knock things over, come rushing in from the dirty world over nice clean floors.

Had the Government no sense?

Did Democracy not realise that she had good wallpaper which cost four-and-six a piece? To the devil with this Human Decency that had no consideration for her light-coloured Axminster in the parlour!

London children, too. With, awful thought! London mothers. Let all the children in the world be bombed to paste—she'd have none of them in her house. Her *House* . . . she spoke of it in hushed tones. *House* . . . as one might say *God*.

* * *

Then she played her trump card. A doctor's certificate.

She couldn't do it. She was in poor health. No, no; her poor nerves . . . her headaches. Not possible: no evacuees, not one. Besides, her niece was coming . . . one of these days. No. Positively no.

So the billeting officer went away, and Mrs. T—— stays, alone, enshrined in the vile cleanliness of that evil, immaculate house of hers; that scoured, polished, empty box, hushed with brushed carpet and lifelessly bright with untouchable knick-knacks; a trap in which she is caught, a tomb in which she is buried.

"Let the children perish,' she says, "so that no footprint dulls my linoleum."

In this strange, fighting world she has no right to exist.

Professor FREDERICK WOLFF OGILVIE
Director-General, B.B.C.

DEAR SIR,—Having survived the bombs, the B.B.C. could now do with an earthquake.

It needs to be shaken from its complacency, its inanity and its puerility.

Entertainment is its only province over which the Government has not imposed some sort of control. And it is entertainment that remains the weakest of its services.

The public is weary of those "resident comedians" who advertise one another on the air, repeat one another's gags, and descend to dirt in order to raise a cheap snigger.

I am no prude. But I think that tap-room humour should be left to the tap-room, instead of being broadcast to any young folk who may be listening-in.

Moreover, I doubt if even their elders are much amused by the flow of dull fatuities with which it is mingled.

Perhaps the Forces programme would improve if it were no longer intended for the Forces.

The idea seems to have spread throughout Broadcasting House that directly men and women put on uniform they should either be addressed as if they were half-witted children or treated to sly and "blue" allusions.

Worse than any sergeant-major's growl is the laboured heartiness of B.B.C. nonentities who fail even to be facetious.

As for the Home Service, I am puzzled why the evening programmes should be so much duller than those during the day, when few people can listen-in.

You will not, I am sure, accuse me of being a captious critic. I have never joined those who see in the B.B.C. a seasonal and mute whipping-horse; I have the greatest respect for the fine work which your organisation has performed.

But I urge you, for the sake of the long-suffering public, to improve those programmes that, for listeners here, provide the main reason for the B.B.C.'s existence.

I suggest you should ginger up your entertainment producers, your stale stand-by comedians, your "feature" announcers.

There is no need to "play down" to the public; the majority of the public are probably more intelligent than B.B.C. entertainers appear to be.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

General FOUCIER, Rome

DEAR GENERAL,—It is a shame you have had to wait so long for promotion.

When, a year ago, you commanded the Italian pilots who tried to bomb Britain, our R.A.F. boys hoped you would soon come back again.

Now that you have been made chief of the Italian air force, perhaps you will accept my assurance that a warm British welcome awaits any more of your men you care to send over.

Even warmer than before!—JOHN BULL.

Lord BEAVERBROOK, Minister of Supply

MY LORD,—Responding to an urgent demand from your Ministry, men in a wholesale firm worked overtime to supply materials needed by a war factory.

Then they found that the materials couldn't be delivered because everyone at the factory had gone away for the week-end.

I think you'll agree that, even though the workers should be given Sunday off, an official should remain at war establishments to take charge of "urgently wanted" goods.—JOHN BULL.

Col. ROWBOTHAM, Chief Warden of Hampstead

DEAR COLONEL,—Wardens in one part of your area have been instructed to ignore black-out offences, even if lights are shining across the Heath.

It can only be a coincidence, of course, that this strange ruling has followed the £2 fine imposed on the post warden for showing a light in her own house.

Perhaps you can find out why lives and property should be jeopardised?—JOHN BULL.

Major C. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—Somebody is letting you down badly.

I am told of cargoes of apples and oranges that arrive at a southern port and have to be dumped overboard for lack of men to unload them.

There is as little excuse for that as there is for the scandal of oranges rotting at Covent Garden because of official delay in releasing them.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor J. A. JOHNSTONE, Mayor of Wallingford, Oxon

YOUR WORSHIP,—Perhaps your Council thought the year was 1931 when, the other day, it voted a lot of money to repair the bowling green.

And you were hardly more alert when you lamented that, unless the work were done quickly, there would be no bowling next year.

Allow me to disturb your slumbers with the news that we are at war against the mightiest enemy ever known, and that every penny is needed to help us preserve our freedom—and our lives.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. C. M. CUY, Central Edinburgh

SIR,—I hope you will soon recover from your four years' illness, but I am glad you have at last resigned from Parliament.

I am sorry you didn't go before, instead of waiting until an M.P. complained that you had not been near the House since you were elected nearly five years ago.

With luck, the hint may be taken by other persistent absentees.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P., Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—The public is asked to hand in at post offices all the books they can spare for members of the Fighting Forces.

I suggest you should check up on this excellent scheme to see if the good books really are sent to those for whom they are intended. You might find that some "unaccountably" disappear.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P., Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR,—Reports still come in of under-production at aircraft factories—due, it is alleged, to lack of planning and incompetent management.

I suggest the appointment of aero engineers as liaison officers at all factories, to co-ordinate the flow of incoming raw materials with the factories' capacities, to avoid bottlenecks and ensure that men and machines are kept busy.

You are as anxious as any of us to improve the output of 'planes, but I doubt if you are being given anything like the maximum possible.—JOHN BULL.

Coxswain BLOCC, Cromer Lifeboat

DEAR COXSWAIN,—Because you have saved more than 600 lives since war began, because you were lately at sea for 7½ hours in a vain search for an airman, you deserve that British Empire Medal.

But it makes your tenth decoration, and there's a danger that you may be weighed down by medals.

Well, the next honour given you by a grateful country should be a cabinet in which to hold them.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, Famous Storyteller

DEAR SIR,—Thanks to that fertile imagination of yours, you've beaten worse foes than Hitler in your books. Besides, Hitler would never have rearmed had it been left to your astute characters.

A brilliant ruse, a stolen diplomatic bag, and Baldwin wouldn't have been able to sack the Air Force.

But what's this? You think that old gentlemen like yourself should be allowed to pot at invading Germans with your sporting rifles?

Come, come! Pellets against tanks? Leave it to your long-lashed vamps—they'd be more armour-piercing.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

This Child was Without Fear

FOR eight days and nights, Pamela Hollingworth, aged five, was lost in the White Mountains, New Hampshire, U.S.A.

She wore only scanty overalls. Drinking from brooks, and going without food, she was declared by examining doctors, after she was found, to be virtually unharmed.

She had survived pouring rains and freezing cold, and she was in better physical condition than many of the men who had searched the wilds for her.

People, according to their spiritual lights, their religious beliefs, will give various explanations for the survival of Pamela.

One veteran of the ranges said: "A lot of grown-ups, heavily clothed, couldn't have lived more than a couple of nights through it. LACK OF FEAR SAVED HER."

Few of us, asked offhand to define "fear," would have a ready answer. The Oxford Dictionary definition is: "The emotion of pain or uneasiness caused by the sense of impending danger or by the apprehension of evil."

The Unsullied Mind

Only a child could wander through bleak, unfamiliar mountains and have no fear. Only a child could endure the loneliness, the hunger, the cold—and not know despair.

The unsullied mind cannot know fear. Free from thought of evil, it cannot grasp evil; untouched by the forces of darkness, it is safe behind the barriers of purity and light.

But the case of Pamela Hollingworth strikes even more deeply than this. How can lack of fear affect the physical condition of a child? Why should Pamela have survived where strong men would have perished?

It is here that the limitations of human knowledge force us into the outer darkness. We know that fear can affect people physically.

Nearly every doctor has had experience of the neurotic and the hypochondriac. Patients with unfounded beliefs that they are suffering from some serious bodily disease almost invariably react physically to their fears.

They are never really fit so long as the illusion persists. The mind which is a prey to fear seems to feed on the physical energy of the subject.

Price of Growing Up

Fear is part of the adult human make-up. It is the price paid for growing up, for the realisation that there are so many things that can do harm, inflict suffering.

A world without fear would be a world without evil. Lack of fear would ensure perpetual peace and happiness.

And if you stop to consider yourself, you will probably realise how true that is. Imagine yourself to be without fear—fear of the future, fear of a poverty-shadowed old age, fear of losing your job, fear of family discord, fear of what people think, fear of letting others down, fear of being alone, fear of tackling a dangerous or unpleasant job.

All these fears have a cumulative effect not only on the mind but on the body. They poison the wells of happiness and insult our so-called intelligence.

A man without fear is either an idiot or a saint. His mind is a dull, black, repulsive void or it is a fount of purity, love and faith.

Perhaps, after all, that is the thing that saved Pamela—faith. Nothing but Faith can kill fear. And once fear is dispelled and Faith enters, man begins his slow and laborious ascent to the high destiny allotted him.

How I Spotted Spies in the Holy Land

★ JIM JARCHÉ, crack newspaper photographer back from the Middle East, gives you a close-up of two queer specimens of Gestapo Chief Himmler's insects. Jarché is describing his adventures to MAURICE FAGENCE

TWO Nazi spies lie buried in the Holy Land.

I helped to round them up.

Not that I'm any sort of Sherlock Holmes. They were such poor mugs.

They had the stamp of spy from their boots to their foreheads. They were so clumsy, so obvious.

The Nazis want booting for employing such amateurs in a job in which discovery carries one penalty—death.

Any man who is prepared to report his suspicions to the proper authority, instead of talking them over among his pals, has a chance, before this war is over, of landing such a spy as those that came my way——

I had gone to Jerusalem after the battle of Jarabub. My job was to see high officials and get the necessary permits to "cover" the invasion of Syria.

I had a certain amount of time to kill. So picture me with two or three wide-eyed Army officers walking into the streets of Jerusalem to see the sights.

We were dead in the middle of the city when a little, middle-aged man spoke to us in what he was pleased to term Eengleesh.

His introduction (uttered with the thickness of German utterance) was: "You want to see some things. I show them."

A member of an armoured car crew rounding up Bedouin Arabs after the fall of Fort Rutbah.

Too Many Questions

We tailed on behind him. And, as we walked, I felt that the continual roll of his guttural was getting on my nerves.

Besides, he was asking too many indiscreet questions. We invited him to mind his own business, which tended to make him excited.

And the more excited he became, the more that Germanic tang crept into his voice.

"Here we have," he said, "the five steps leading down to where Jehovah was buried. Follow me."

We followed. And as we did, he turned to one of my companions and asked quietly: "Excuse me, pliss; but are you not the Black Watch?"

He wasn't. But we weren't telling our strangely garrulous Jerusalem guide.

"Get on with your job," I said.

"And here is the stone where Abraham stood for the sacrifice of Isaac to Jehovah . . . *excuse me, pliss, but are you cavalry?*"

I was ruder to him, this time. He took care not to ask any more questions in front of me.

But that he was still trying I knew from my companions.

And when one young officer came to me with the news: "Our pal here has just asked me how many tanks have gone into Syria," I felt there was good need to check up on this extraordinary little fellow who had chosen a group of British officers from all the people who trod the streets of Jerusalem.

More than Mere Profit

When we left him, I drew him on one side and pointed out that I might want somebody to take another group of officer friends round. I wanted to make sure that I could find him again.

"Always you find me outside the Y.M.C.A.," he said. "Always, always. And if I am not there, always I shall be soon."

Looking at his little bobbing frame and the excited countenance of his square head, I decided that he was over-eager—that there might be something more behind his anxiety to get other such jobs than the mere ambition of earning a few shillings.

And so I went to the Army's Public Relations officer and told him my suspicions. "These people should be checked-up on," I said, in excuse.

"I quite agree," said the officer, "and it helps a lot when people come along and tell us of suspicious things said and done."

He picked up the telephone: asked for Intelligence. He wanted a few extra details of the man's appearance, which I gave. "Yes, he's always outside the Y.M.C.A.," he said into the 'phone.

And four days later he sent for me.

"I am to thank you," he said. "That man has been executed after a fair trial. We have been looking for him for a very long time."

Keep Looking for Them

When once you find a spy, you keep on looking for them—and such vigilance is always likely to lead to fresh success.

So picture me as I sat in a train that was bound for Jerusalem.

Opposite me sat Kennedy, a good American friend, representative of British United Press.

A haughty young man with the look of a matinée idol entered, a portable typewriter in his hand.

"Excuse me," he said, "but is it vacant, this seat?"

Almost before we could answer, a Wagons-Lit man came round to collect passports—and I noticed that our new companion, whose accent was certainly not English, gave up a British passport.

"Don't know who he is," whispered Kennedy, "but I saw that man in Greece."

Now if you see a civilian in Greece and again in the Holy Land at the height of a war such as this, it is worth making enquiries as to who he is—particularly if you are a newspaper man.

So, after a convenient lapse of time, I went to the man who had collected the passports and asked if he could tell us who our new friend was.

"Collins," he said. "He's British. And he's a journalist."

Kennedy and I were both surprised. If a British journalist named Collins was getting around so much, we should have known who he was.

And when we booked at the St. Julien Hotel to find Mr. Collins there, too, we decided to tell the authorities that Mr. Collins was at least worth an enquiry.

Intelligence sent a man to see me—a very he-mannish looking proposition.

This man told me: "When you see me again you may not know me. I shan't look like this. But you won't know me in any case; understand?"

I understood.

And soon another matinée-idolish young man came into the hotel; just the sort you would expect Mr. Collins to like.

They gossiped together for more than a week. They went out on expeditions together. Mr. Collins seemed to be practising very little in the way of journalism.

Then, one morning, they went out together for the last time—for Mr. Collins was due never to return.

In his possession was found a portable wireless transmitter, which he found it very difficult to explain.

Then this gentleman who had travelled so many thousands of miles to represent British newspaper readers seemed to have difficulty in proving that he had ever sent those patient people a single line of news, or that there was a newspaper in Britain that would have known what to do with it even if he had.

Anyhow, Mr. Collins walked out one morning to stand before a British firing-squad.

And that, I am afraid, was his first and last official assignment.

Cleaning Up Iraq

It mustn't be thought that I was devoting myself solely to spy-hunting while waiting for the invasion of Syria to begin.

There was the Iraq affair—the cleansing of Iraq of its pro-Nazis.

I went out into the desert to photograph the attack on Fort Rutbah, reported held by a big force of Iraq troops.

Four of our Blenheims had been shot down at Rutbah Wells. It seemed that the garrison there needed a little attention at our hands.

So at three one morning our armoured cars slid up to that lonely fort in the middle of the desert, hundreds of miles from anywhere.

We expected an outburst of firing from the garrison. There wasn't a sound.

Our troops found the Iraq flag on the ground in the forecourt—and not a sign of life in the fort itself.

But there were bottles of champagne, whisky, gin and beer in thousands—and foods fit for the table of an epicure.

Then I had an interview at Amman with the Emir of Transjordania, a good fellow, pro-British to the core, living with his wives in a lovely mansion.

Our small party had a parade of the local police in their honour—a quite impressive affair. It was outside the Emir's home.

There were women looking down on us from a balcony as we talked. Nobody looked up at them—until we were told that it was a breach of good taste to look upwards in their direction.

Heads were then turned down to the desert—but eyes, I noticed, were strained upwards until they almost fell out of their sockets.

Their Chance Will Come

Then on to meet some of the fittest troops I ever saw in my life—Greek boys, armed to the teeth, living in a perpetual frenzy of anger because their country is temporarily lost to them, and ever begging for the chance to win it back again, whatever the hazards.

"Our front is the Greek coast," they told me. "Why don't they land us *now*."

Their chance will come.

I would hate to be any German soldier within twenty miles when it does.

And so to the Holy Land again—to await the invasion of Syria, to see Britain striving to fight a war in which nobody should be killed, nobody hurt.

Next Week: *The Invasion of Syria.*

Human Machine

MAKE IT SNAPPY

● **Mr. Wendell Willkie recently told America that what was wanted was "less talk and more do."**

It was a useful reminder. It always is a useful reminder. Most people would benefit by learning to decide and then act.

If you think you're different from other people, just think over all you've done and haven't done in the last year. How many valiant purposes did you form that somehow ended in words?

You see, it does mean you! And all because you put things off.

Perhaps you don't trust your own judgment? Perhaps in that case you've never tested your judgment by action based on it?

Well, your judgment's as likely to be as good as the next man's.

If you're frightened you might make mistakes—forget it. Just remember the old saying that a man who never made a mistake never made anything.

Make up your mind and then make it snappy!

WATCH THE VICHY RA

★ Now that the German army is floundering in the mud and snows of Russia, Hitler is flying signals of distress to his puppets elsewhere to come to the rescue. Japan knows what will happen if she moves. We must be just as ready to strike hard at the Vichy traitors the moment they expose their hand

Says A. G. GARDINER

HAD Hitler's eastern gamble succeeded with the speed and completeness that he anticipated, there would have been no need for signals. The legend of his invincibility would have been finally established and the puppets would have come to heel at his nod.

They would have concluded that all was over, and they would have scampered like jackals to share in the feast.

But the gamble has not succeeded. Hitler's programme is in ruins. The landscape of the war has darkened and extended. Winter has come.

The Russian army, so often "annihilated" by Hitler and Goebbels, is intact and unbroken. The promised decision is postponed to the Spring of next year, to the summer, to some indefinite future.

MEANWHILE, OTHER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED WHICH WERE NOT IN HITLER'S CALCULATIONS.

No doubt he expected the offensive in Libya, but probably he did not reckon on the United States navy sweeping the seas in pursuit of the pirates. The United States mercantile marine, armed and prepared for anything, is steaming boldly into the ports of the world with food and arms for Hitler's foes.

* * *

The Battle of the Atlantic is decided. I do not say that it is over. It is not. But I do say confidently that, short of some unforeseen miracle, it is decided. And Hitler has lost.

It is in these circumstances that he sends out his "SOS" to his jackals. He turns to two of them mainly to come to his help.

What success he will have with Japan, I will not attempt to forecast. He looks to her to spread the conflagration to the Pacific.

That, he reckons, would keep the United States so busy in the waters of the Far East that she would have to quit the Atlantic and cease to be the granary and arsenal of Britain and Russia.

Had he been less cocksure that he could knock Russia out of the ring in ten weeks he would have made certain of his jackal before the invasion began. He did not, and Japan was too wary to play Hitler's hand for him until Russia had taken the count.

Whether Tojo will do Hitler's bidding now that the Russian adventure has turned out so badly remains to be seen.

He has got himself into a desperate quandary. His attempt to buy off the United States by selling out the Axis on condition that Roosevelt betrays China has failed.

War with the United States means war with us "within the hour." It means that the A.B.C.D. front springs to life on the instant.

IT MEANS THAT HE WILL HAVE ENCIRCLED HIMSELF WITH THE HOSTILE MIGHT OF AMERICA, BRITAIN, CHINA, THE DUTCH EAST INDIES AND RUSSIA.

He will not do this to pull Hitler's chestnuts out of the fire. If he does it, it will be because the only alternative is to accept defeat, irrevocable and ruinous, for all his schemes of conquest.

Hitler cannot force this hand, for Hitler can do nothing to help him.

Laval, prince of traitors, is hob-nobbing again with the Germans

* * *

It is otherwise with the second jackal. Hitler is not merely signalling despairingly to Vichy as he is to Japan. He is using the whip.

He is bullying and threatening. He is in the position to do this for obvious reasons.

In the first place, he has France under his iron heel. The swastika floats over Paris. The life of the people, its Press, its radio, its food, its very existence is in the grip of the Gestapo.

A million and a half of the youth of the nation are his prisoners and his slaves. One home in every eight has a hostage in his hands.

He can starve the nation at his will; he is starving it. He can rob it of all it possesses; he is doing so. Never was a mighty nation so completely enslaved.

And the second reason of this throttling power is that the gang of traitors who delivered the nation into this dreadful bondage are tied to Hitler's chariot wheels.

They are bound to him by their own treacheries. They dare not let the people escape from bondage, because if they did their own lives would be forfeited.

They must keep France enslaved by Hitler in order to save their own skins.

The situation is as fantastic as it is horrible.

BEYOND ALL QUESTION, MORE THAN EIGHTY PER CENT. OF THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE HATE THE GERMANS, PRAY FOR AN ALLIED VICTORY, AND LOATHE THE VICHY TRAITORS.

Yet they are helpless. They see themselves the victims of the foulest tyranny in history. Their freedom is gone, their property stolen, their innocent hostages butchered in cold blood.

They see their factories working night and day for the enemy into whose hands they have been delivered. They see themselves forging their own chains.

They see their heritage being dismembered, their most precious possession, Indo-China, flung to Japan to help that brigand power to crush China.

* * *

Now, under the stress of his failure in Russia, Hitler is turning the screw on France still more savagely.

He wants his people to forget the millions of men marooned on the plains of Russia. He wants to dazzle them with another gamble. And France is to be the instrument.

From the fall of France he has had two goals in view. One is the seizure of the French colonial empire in Africa. The other is the seizure of the French navy.

Both of these aims are, of course, outside the terms on which Vichy surrendered.

There were limits even to the treachery of the men of Vichy. There were limits also to the infamy that the French people would tolerate.

One of them was the idea that France should wage war openly on the ally she had deserted in the interests of the enemy she hated.

But Hitler has kept both aims in view, and has moved stealthily towards them. Now that he is in trouble in Russia he is forcing the pace.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE

WILL HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF?

● America, in 1917, entered the war exactly a month after she had armed her merchantmen. Once again, her merchantmen are armed.

Does this mean that events will repeat themselves?

No, not of necessity.

It is not realised that, in all but words, America is already at war—supplying Britain and Russia with arms, money and food, sitting in at our most secret conferences, even firing on German warships. . . .

The fact that she has not yet avowed herself a combatant is probably explained by her knowledge that, if she declares herself in the war, Japan is bound to fight with the Axis.

As it is, America has big bargaining powers to use in her discussions with Japan, which so far has been kept out of war with us because she fears—although she challenges it—America's armed participation.

Roosevelt knows what he is doing.

CAN WE AFFORD CHRISTMAS?

● Production is much farther behind than you are officially told.

The need for increased output grows and grows.

At a time when Russians are dying in the common cause by the million, it is urgently necessary that every ounce of labour should be used for making the munitions of war. So Christmas, this year, should be restricted to a children's festival.

Give the kiddies toys, cheap though they may be. Let them have their parties. You needn't restrict the games even if the food is short.

But for adults, this should be a Christmas of work and a Christmas of sacrifice.

WHY TACKLE GAMING MACHINES NOW?

● For twenty years or more, except in some towns and in small periodic drives, the police have tolerated the robbing of the public by gaming machines often faked so that you cannot win.

Now there is a sudden plan to stop them.

The reason, apparently, is that during a war someone says: "Oh, we must protect the poor soldiers!"

Yet soldiers are quite as able, or even more able, to protect themselves as the ordinary members of the public.

In war time, though, the alternating periods of excitement and boredom encourage people to gamble more than usual.

Gambling machines, roulette parties, swindling "night clubs," and other methods of robbing the people might have been stopped long ago, but for the Purity Brigade.

Ordinary folk do not mind police action based on common-sense.

They naturally resent, however,

RATS!

Hosts of German "tourists" are swarming into Morocco and French West Africa, and the country is visibly passing into German control.

And Admiral Cunningham, in his survey of our position in the Mediterranean, has expressed his grave anxiety about the possibility of the French fleet falling into the hands of Hitler.

* * *

It should be unthinkable that Pétain, feeble and defeatist though he is, would be a party to the surrender of the two last remnants of French power—her great colonies and her fleet. It should be unthinkable, too, that the French sailors and the French people would permit so unspeakable a treachery.

Yet the dismissal of General Weygand, C.-in-C. in North Africa, is significant. There seems no doubt he has been sacked because he opposed the Nazi schemes.

THE DANGER IS GREAT AND INSTANT. WE CANNOT WATCH THE COMINGS AND GOINGS BETWEEN VICHY AND PARIS WITHOUT ALARM.

We cannot see the hob-nobbing between the Germans and the rat Laval without fears of a *coup* which would place that prince of traitors in the saddle.

And seeing all this, we must be ready to the last ship, gun and plane to strike with all our might the instant the emergency comes.

General Smuts said long ago that the war would be decided in the Mediterranean. Let us keep sleepless watch on Toulon and Bizerta, on Oran and Dakar. *But above all on Vichy.*

...TS THE LID

...the munitions of war. So ... this year, should be ...o a children's festival. ...e kiddies' toys, cheap ...y may be. Let them have ...es. You needn't restrict ...even if the food is short. ...adults, this should be a ...of work and a Christmas

...CKLE GAMING ...NES NOW?

...enty years or more, except ...e towns and in small ...rives, the police have ...e robbing of the public ...machines often faked so ...annot win. ...e is a sudden plan to stop

...on, apparently, is that ...war someone says: "Oh, ...otect the poor soldiers!" ...ers are quite as able, or ... able, to protect them- ... the ordinary members ...lic.

...me, though, the alternat- ... of excitement and bore- ...rage people to gamble ...usual.

...; machines, roulette ...ndling "night clubs," and ...ods of robbing the people ...e been stopped long ago, ... Purity Brigade.

... folk do not mind police ...d on common-sense. ...turally resent, however, the prying interference of over-pious individuals who see harm in everything, who usually protest at the wrong time, and who invariably exaggerate the facts.

So public opinion, instead of stopping a racket, lines up against the Wowzers, whose interference annoys them even more than being robbed.

WHY TAKE THE BUILDERS?

● It seems only the other day that the urgent call went round the country for builders, desperately needed for factory construction.

Now, to our surprise, we hear that there is to be a big call-up of builders for defence services and munitions work.

Why this sudden change? Well, it was the same with the miners.

It all goes back to the failure—yes, after more than two years of war!—to evolve a Plan. Ministers are still at loggerheads as to how labour is to be used.

You cannot win a war without a Plan. Until you have one, eight Ministries will go on screaming for the same man—that is, until nine Ministries start to do it.

Mind you, the Germans may be in even a worse mess. They so over-plan, as a rule, that they find it's hard to improvise.

★ No wonder Mr. Churchill always pays warm tribute to the part played by the R.A.F. in the gruelling Battle of the Atlantic

"You Will Find That We Shall Be There"

By Commodore G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

SITTING at a long table are two rows of men. Those on one side are in Service uniforms, the others wear civilian suits of hard, dark blue, and their mahogany faces betray seamen.

They are convoy captains in conference before sailing.

A grey-haired naval officer explains the sailing orders. The Commodore adds some comments and instructions. An officer from a warship speaks on behalf of the escort. A gunnery expert says a few words.

One or two questions are asked. The skipper of 7,000-ton *Eumæus* inquires about air support.

A fair-haired youth with the three rings on his sleeve that denote a Squadron-Leader answers. He speaks so gently that you feel he is embarrassed, standing as an expert before men old enough to be his father.

You could hardly imagine a bigger contrast to the strutting *Luftwaffe* pilots sometimes seen here as prisoners. But beside this boy's natty tidiness you see something oddly, startlingly *hard*. Like steel.

His personal "bag" is eighteen enemy aircraft.

"I think you will find that we shall be there," he ends, almost diffidently.

The skipper of the *Eumæus*—and he is a hardcase sailor—is satisfied.

A week later, out on the Atlantic western approaches, a convoy sturdily staggers through pouring spume and mist and gigantic rollers. Evening coming down, and dirty weather overhead.

"Remember that R.A.F. youngster I told you about?" asks the skipper of the *Eumæus*.

The third officer, standing with him on the bridge, his oilskins gleaming, nods.

"Funny how confident they made you feel," the captain went on. "The idea of something invisible hovering over you to give a hand in case of trouble."

"What's that — that track there?" the third shouted, pointing

Too Late

The skipper yelled to the engine-room and the ship under his hands began to swing away sharply to port.

Too late! The white track foams up to her side, there is an overwhelming roar of explosive, and great bits of metal whine into the air and clang down on the decks.

Torpedoed!

Instantly following that first great explosion comes another that dwarfs it. Perhaps a second torpedo? Perhaps the boilers exploding?

The ship seems to disintegrate bodily. The stern falls off and vanishes. Men race to lower away boats, throw rafts and smashed planks overboard, but there is no time. . . .

Men are in the water, trying to swim. With cruel suddenness, like an enveloping sack, darkness falls.

The convoy picks up the survivors where it can. Then it must go on. The work must go on. Not even for human life may those other ships stay.

But the radio was sparkling and crackling. Away on shore the Winged Men were already talking it over, arranging to search the ocean instantly the storm-barred night skies began to stain with the first touches of dawn.

"I think you will find that we shall be there," one of them had said. They keep their promise.

All night, survivors from the torpedoed ship struggled, some clinging to bits of tossing wood and pouring up wave-crests and then down, down, down into abysses of watery valleys dark as the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Others lay exhausted in sogged and whirling lifeboats.

Through the Gale

Away in the sky a faint humming. It grows to a roar as the Walrus amphibian claws a way through the gale beneath clouds so low that they seem to meet the tossing white wave-crests.

The Walrus banks sharply, heads for the tiny cockleshell, tries to descend, avoids a colossal rearing wave, roars up again, wheels, makes a second try—and touches down on the water.

Shall I tell you something about that Walrus crew?

When they heard that there were men out in the sea waiting to be saved they set off without breakfast or any food. Until nearly four o'clock that afternoon they had no time for food. . . .

The Walrus swayed sickeningly, riding the great waves.

There are two men only in the lifeboat that tosses to and fro ahead. They wave frantically. Lieutenant Cheesman (of the Royal Marines) manœuvres his high-winged biplane, with its engine away up above his head.

It roars, softens, roars again, meets this wave, sidles up that one, trying to get near the lifeboat without being swamped—without wrecking the boat. . . .

They had meant to throw a line to the lifeboat and then tow it to those other survivors, some of them swimmers, two miles distant. But the two men in the boat mistake their intention in that screeching wind and clambering sea.

They jump overboard and swim towards the aircraft.

They are hauled in, sogged and frozen. No easy job. The Walrus sways terrifyingly. Great waves slap beneath her wings, rush pouring up to try to climb in at the open windows through which the seamen crawl.

Gallant Attempt

Only 36 ft. long, the little aircraft fights the ocean for its prey.

Cheesman explains what he wants to do. Those swimmers two miles away—they need a boat. There is a boat out there, empty now.

Who will face the task of going back to it and securing a line to it?

Both the swimmers, still breathing hard, their faces blue and pinched, manage to grin, and together they say: "I'll go, sir!"—and then look embarrassed, as if caught posing as heroes.

Cheesman hands the line to the bigger and fitter of the two. Watching his time, the man slips overside into the waves.

He swims to the lifeboat—dogged, dogged does it. He tries to climb into it. *He can't.* Too cold. Too dead beat.

He flops back into the water like a dead fish.

They haul on the line, hauling him back to the aircraft. Cheesman moves the controls this way, that way, avoiding the waves that run bigger now than ever.

The engine roars. The Walrus taxies two miles over to the main group of survivors.

The men aboard get busy. They contact a lifeboat crammed with people. There are wounded men aboard it.

The airmen toss into the boat their own medical stores.

The stuff is thrown perfectly. But a wave, trying fiercely, hungrily, to swamp this puny challenger, smashes the port wingtip float clean off, and tears away a bit of the lower main 'plane, and sweeps back growling like a wolf with a mouthful of its victim's coat.

Another Walrus comes roaring overhead, called by radio from the first. Like a bird to its mate. It signals the course to the nearest empty lifeboat.

The Walrus below taxies to the empty lifeboat. Cheesman hands over his controls, pulls off some of his kit, and dives cleanly into the sea, a line round his waist. He swims to the boat.

The Boat in Tow

The water smacks him against it, but he grips it, ties his line to it, and heads back to his machine, a battered black dot, appearing, vanishing, appearing again.

He gets aboard, starts up the engine, and tows the empty boat among those men who still cling to rafts and planks. Men climb in. Others are dragged in.

Lunchtime—but no lunch for any of them. Smoke, in a blown smear, on the borizon!

Slowly the trawlers draw near. They go to and fro methodically picking up survivors, right to the last man.

Not until then does Cheesman signal that his machine, with its broken wing, cannot rise off the water.

A trawler fusses up. The sturdy little ship tows the sturdy little aeroplane, rather like a caravan being towed by a car up and down moving mountains.

Nearly teatime. None of the airmen has eaten since the previous day. They open iron rations, and sigh contentedly.

And then, at last, having brought her charge through the blackness of the night, the trawler beats doggedly into port.

Out of the sullen clouds the survivors dream that they hear the ghost of a whisper: "I think you will find that we shall be there. . . ."

(World Copyright, 1941, by the Author's Advisory Service, Ltd., London. No reproduction in part or whole.)

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

DO THEY CALL IT JUSTICE?

POSSIBILITIES of resumed bombing of this country make urgent the demand for a fairer, speedier and more humane treatment of bombed-out families in real need.

Thousands of those who had the misfortune to lose everything in the air raids of last year complain bitterly of harsh and unfair treatment.

Many, after weeks spent in filling up forms and attending interviews with officials of Public Assistance Committees, have been fobbed off with beggarly sums that have only added insult to injury.

Here are a few cases:

A widow had the misfortune to lose her house, her home and almost everything of value—except her life.

Her claim for furniture was £200, plus £600 for her destroyed house on which she still has to pay interest to a building society.

This widow is a reasonable and sensible person who does not expect her main claim for compensation to be met until after the war. But she did expect to be given a suitable sum to tide her over temporarily.

Patience Unrewarded

She made many calls at Public Assistance offices, underwent much questioning patiently, and was finally granted the totally inadequate sum of £4 for the purchase of clothes and household utensils. Yet she had been stripped of everything!

A professional musician who lost all his music and instruments when his home was bombed claimed £30 to replace the vital things which alone made it possible for him to earn his living.

Officials told him that music was not considered of vital importance in these times, so he was awarded—*exactly nothing.*

Some applicants for relief have undergone most pathetic and humiliating experiences, some even being treated as paupers

"Nine of us were in the house when it was struck by a direct hit . . . they dug us out . . . look at my eyes—I'm nearly blind!" one applicant told another while waiting for an interview at a Public Assistance office.

"Yes, they've given me £5 for clothes, but I've lost house, furniture and everything I ever had.

"I've been coming here every week to try to get a little more, but they will do nothing."

This was an Insult

Then there is the case of a widow and daughter whose house was a total loss. They were granted £2 on which to set up again and buy essential clothing.

Following weeks of delay, and renewed questioning, a further grant of £4 was obtained.

Such cases could be greatly multiplied.

I know only too well that, with public money to guard, Public Assistance Board officials have to ensure that unworthy or fraudulent claimants do not benefit. But there is no doubt that the whole machinery for treating urgent claims should be overhauled.

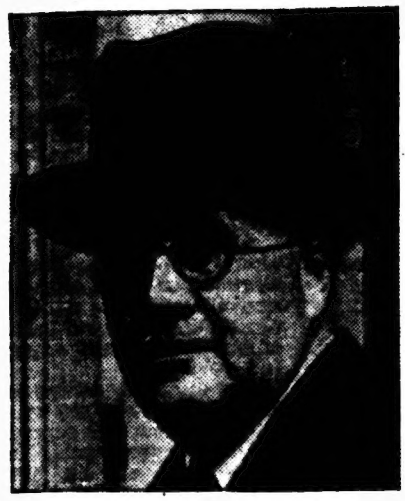
Sometimes poor claimants feel advantage has been taken of them because of their urgent need for money. One reader, for instance, who derived her family income from a small business, lost her premises in enemy action, and received two grants of only £5 and £6.

Following many applications and office vigils she received the sum of £35 as a "complete settlement of her claim."

Another family, whose loss amounted to £120, was given two grants of £10 and £15 and, finally, a further £11 in complete settlement.

Valuations carried out by official valuers are not always fair, either. Their values are based on prices ruling in March, 1939, which is an obvious injustice. Furniture which cost, say, £50 in May, 1939, may cost anything from £100 to £150 to replace nowadays.

I urge Whitehall to take action in this matter.



Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, possesses only limited powers under the War Damage Act. They must be widened so that he can relieve distress more adequately

THE OLD CROOK!

COMPLETELY new light is thrown on home-employment pitfalls by the experience of an Airdrie reader, who, answering an advertisement in a local paper ("£2 Weekly Offered: Spare Time Work"), got in touch with that ever-persistent schemer, Leslie Spikesman, Belleville Road, London, S.W.11.

He sent (as hundreds of other poor dupes have done) 5s. for particulars, and found that he first had to advertise for 100 clients likely to be similarly interested.

Not seeing through the ramp, he advertised in two papers at a cost of 12s. Then he was asked by the advertisement managers whether his announcements had been placed on behalf of a London firm, and admitted that they were.

Further advertisements were promptly refused, and all the replies destroyed.

He accordingly wrote to Spikesman, saying he was 17s. out of pocket—but he might as well expect treble rations from his grocer as any refund from this notorious fee-snatcher.

For years Spikesman has been publicly described as a crook, and it seems incredible that some newspapers will accept his advertisements despite all the warnings I have issued about him in JOHN BULL.

Don't Believe a Word of It!

YET another war time racket has come to light.

Advertisements suggesting that good businesses are available, for immediate sale, because their owners are anticipating an early call-up, are appearing under Box numbers.

They are worded to the effect that no idle inquiries are wanted, and stipulate that half-a-crown or five shillings must be sent for confidential report.

One advertiser has the impertinence to suggest that a business, worth £1,250, is going for the "best offer over £50."

Deal only through proper agents and valuers.

★ ★ ★

IF you have a relative serving in the Navy, and your house is visited by a tall, slightly grey man who has a scar on his upper lip and says he is a retired commander living at Chatham, don't listen to his fanciful stories, *and don't give him any money.*

He has a string of names, and has obtained substantial sums from sailors' friends and relatives by pitching yarns about their being in trouble.

★ ★ ★

ANTICIPATING that air raids are likely soon, doorstep crooks are inducing housewives to buy "First Aid" sets and anti-burn ointments which are practically worthless.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. T. Cairns, King's Road, London Colney, Herts, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. Information he supplied assisted me in issuing a recent warning. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

The salesmen know that most of their dupes will not find out they have been swindled until they open the purchases for use, which may be weeks ahead, and many pretend they have come from local A.R.P. centres.

Never buy medical preparations from strangers at the door in the belief that you are getting something cheap.

★ ★ ★

WATCH out for the crook with a parcel!

A Plymouth woman was stopped by a man who said he had come from an Army camp with some stores for a shop which was closed when he arrived.

"I don't want to carry them all the way back," he said.

Explaining that his parcel contained sugar, tea, bacon, butter, coffee and other goods, he asked 10s. for the lot, but urged the woman not to say a word to anyone.

Of course, the woman was wrong to buy in such circumstances, but when she got home she found her bargain consisted of an empty bottle and rubble!

★ ★ ★

SHAREHOLDERS in limited liability companies should not enter into correspondence with strangers writing from good country residences and who pose as "temporarily retired" Stock Exchange Brokers.

One such person, giving a London address in the heart of the Stock Exchange as his pre-war headquarters, invited a lady to lunch in order to discuss her investments and to advise her on future speculations. She had previously never heard of him!

This is a new phase of share-pushing, for reputable brokers never work in this unorthodox fashion.

Nazi Generals who will Fight Wavell

FIELD-MARSHAL GERT VON RUNDSTEDT, cold, brutal, cadaverous Prussian, leads the Nazi army which Hitler has ordered to conquer the Caucasus and the vital Russian oil wells.

Once British troops go into action there, Rundstedt will have to prove his reputation as Germany's military master mind in combat with the genius of General Wavell.

Rundstedt's face, his staring eyes, big skull, thinly covered by wrinkled skin, tells why even his own men fear him.

His collaboration with Hitler, though perfect in a military sense, is marred by memories of deadly, personal clashes. Vindictive Hitler cannot forget 1932, when his Nazi Party was almost routed by Rundstedt, then military commander of Berlin.

Hitler, of course, soon retired old Rundstedt. But he recalled him to active service as soon as he embarked on his path of conquest.

And though worlds apart in personal outlook, they share the ambition of German world domination.

Disregard for Losses

Rundstedt has been given the toughest jobs. In Poland, in France, and to a certain extent, on the Russian front, he has been successful—chiefly because of his readiness to fling in large numbers with complete disregard for losses.

His chief executive commander, Field-Marshal Reichenau, is a full-fledged Nazi, thus striking a political balance in this important sector. He was the first among the formerly independent Reichswehr Commanders to shoot out his arm in the Nazi salute.

There was a time when Reichenau's colleagues in the Reichswehr did not take to him kindly for this reason.

Reichenau's army corps is small but highly mechanised, with a strong tank force which he claims to be conducting personally from his plane.

Other German army leaders still regard Reichenau rather as a clever stuntman than an accomplished strategist.

They ridicule his hobby—physical exercises—and did not like it when the Nazi Press published pictures showing the Field-Marshal, in white shorts, running along roads, his personal trainer, Walter Neusel, the boxer, by his side.

A Cunning Prussian

Number three among the Nazi generals in the Caucasus push is an example of the cunning Prussian staff officer, General Manstein. He emerged from the office to take command in the field for the first time.

Monocled, greying Manstein looks as dull and affected as any Prussian staff officer. He is probably more efficient in the political drawing-rooms and in the mysterious atmosphere of the Berlin War Office.

Two tank generals complete the Nazi Caucasus outfit: Generals Kleist and Stuepnagel, brother of the mass-murdering Nazi military governor of France.

Both are typical German career officers, men whose glorious future, as they saw it, was spoiled by the German defeat in the last war, in which they fought as junior officers.

It is men like Stuepnagel and Kleist who have spent twenty years in building up German militarism to recapture the glory of military conquest.

VOICE of the TROOPS

SORRY we can't give you the name of the writer of this week's most delightful soldier-letter.

It wouldn't be fair to the man he mentions.

But it is a perfect answer to the soldiers of the last war who are fond of saying that lads of fourteen and seasoned old warriors of fifty used to be found fighting in the same trench—but that such things don't happen in these days of age-groups.

The letter, from a sergeant of the R.E.s to his family at Eccleston Hill, St. Helens, Lancs, says:

We were well out at sea when I first got to know we were bound for the Middle East.

I saw three men waiting for stores. I just couldn't make out where I had seen one of them before.

I thought and thought. My memory carried me back to the days when I served as a private in the last war. (It must be remembered that the writer is now a sergeant.)

I went up and asked the man his name. It was Private ——. I said to him, taking a long shot: "Private ——, do you remember Colonel Mellor?"

I was naming my commanding officer of the last war. The private's eyes lit up. "I certainly do," he said. "I was a lieutenant then."

"You were *my* officer," I said.

He was anxious to swear me to secrecy. All through this war he had been trying to get a commission, but had been turned down on medical grounds.

So he went along and told just one big, whacking lie about his age (he 's every bit of 50), went before the doctors again, was passed as fighting fit, and went into the ranks again as a private.

He has one stripe now. He is under me—my old officer. We are great pals. *The fact that we have both lied about our ages gives us something in common.* And he's a great fellow.—M. H. U.

★ ★ ★

STRANGE INSPECTION

Most soldiers have their little grumbles—so it's good when your last memory of soldiering is a good laugh

That's the experience of the husband of Mrs. Molly Cruse, of Alweston, near Sherborne, Dorset.

An ex-naval man, he joined the tanks, has just written to his wife from hospital before being invalided out:

Paddy Boyle, one of our mad Irishmen, took it into his head to varnish the big chair in our hospital ward. He'd just finished when we heard a brass-hat was coming round.

He arrives, looks round, plumps into that chair, beams at the matron, and says: "This ward is spick-and-span, a credit to the hospital."

He had to peel himself off that chair. His nice uniform was stuck to it with stuff that looked like long strands of chewing-gum. Still, I don't think we are going to be shot at dawn—his eyes looked as though they'd got a smile in them when he went out.—Alf.

★ ★ ★

MORE LIKE NELSON!

Ralph James Wilson was fruiterer's boy, cinema usher and porter boy when he was fifteen.

Then the Nazis killed "mum" with a bomb.

Dad, old sailor of the last war, and fretting to serve again in this despite his acute bronchitis and asthma, smiled when the lad said: "Dad. I'm going to sea."

Dad was proud.

The boy sailed away on his first trip—on a freighter. No letters. Dad worried.

Then 3, Cyprus Street, Marfleet, Hull, shook under the knocking of the postman who brought news. And this is it:

Dad, here are my pictures in the Canadian papers.

I was at look-out at 4.30 a.m.—the youngest kid on the ship.

I turned round to see a great —— (here a word is undecipherable). There was a terrific report and explosion. The ship shuddered and lurched over to starboard.

Albert Fisher was at the wheel. He staggered to the captain for orders.

The captain just said: "It's Jerry all right. Get to the boats."

We went to the galley first. We found poor old Charlie Horncastle cut across the head.

Charlie just said to me: "Are you all right, Tug?" Not a word about his poor head.

I said: "Yes, but the starboard lifeboat is blown to bits."

We all had to get into one boat. We pulled away. Then they hit our ship with a second torpedo. Dad, you know what it means to see your home go down like that.

The sides of our boat weren't more than six inches out of water. We drifted round like that in the Atlantic for two days. Then a Royal Navy ship picked us up—God bless your old crowd, dad.

We arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia—me in a naval uniform.

It has made me a bit short-sighted, dad—but that makes me a little more like Nelson.—Ralph.

★ ★ ★

FOSTER-MOTHER

Happy the note from Private D. Sutherland, prisoner-of-war on a farm in Germany, to his mother, Mrs. E. Morris, Bellhouse Road, Sheffield:

The farmer's wife is like a mother to us. She had a cry on my twenty-first birthday, because she felt some mother would be worrying. She wants you to know she will be looking after us for the duration.—Denis.

PAUPER FRANCE

France cannot help our prisoners there. Her German conquerors have denuded her of everything. And so we have Brigadier Arthur Best, Salvation Army, writing to his mother from his prison camp at St. Medard en Jalles, Bordeaux, France:

My wife has been taken to another camp. We are not able to write to or visit each other.

I am acting as camp padre. Sole equipment a small Testament. I have spent days copying hymns on scraps of paper.

Am living chiefly on vegetable soup. Write to —— and arrange any possible help.

We need everything, from tooth-brush, razor, notepaper and pencil to food and clothing. We have no money whatsoever.—Arthur.

★ ★ ★

ANTS FOR APPETITE!

Finally, there's the story of the disappearing boots, sent by L/Cpl. H. Woodward, Royal Signals, Somewhere in East Africa, to his brother at Cardiff:

You can't put anything on the floor here. The white ants eat it.

One of our chaps leaned out from bed for his boots. You should have seen his face. All he had left was a pair of uppers! The ants love leather.

Swearing, he reached for his suitcase. Dash me if the bottom hadn't gone. But they won't climb, these ants, not even an inch.—Harold.

THESE READERS HATE WASTE

PAPER drinking-cups (usually thrown away after one usage) are stacked high in some shops. Rolls of excellent white paper for covering shelves are *still* reaching a local bazaar.—W. W., Hertford.

★ ★ ★

Having destroyed our four ration books, I had to fill up four separate forms. Every member of the family had a separate registered letter arrive from the Board of Trade, the four envelopes each containing far more paper than was necessary.—Winifred Zobel, Walsingham Road, St. Paul's Cray, Kent.

★ ★ ★

In the very urban district of Sunbury the bones I so diligently save have been collected once since the war began: last collection of tins nine weeks ago; and the paper I put out has gone untouched for three weeks.—P. Crickmere, Woodberry Close, Sunbury, Middlesex.

★ ★ ★

Many customers at the West End store where I work arrive with wrapping-paper bought at a store outside—use three times as much as we would in wrapping similar articles.—Miss H. M., Ealing, W.

★ ★ ★

I am in the Merchant Navy. I am on leave. I know the importance of saving every scrap of paper. Therefore I handed over to the dustman all the files, exercise-books, etc., I had collected during my studentship—to see them shot into the general refuse!—Engineer-Officer John F. Palmer, M. N.

★ ★ ★

Private schools (many of which make a profit on the sale of exercise-books to students) still make sure that scholars use ten books when two would suffice, some being discarded when one-fifth full.—E. Emery, Manchester.

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Services letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Our Friends the Enemy!

THEY'RE in for a bad time, the soldiers of the German Africa Corps.

There are the British Navy and the R.A.F. to destroy General Rommel's transport carriers and supply ships.

And there are the Italians, who have lately taken a fancy to throwing bombs at their German brothers-in-arms, killing them by the hundreds.

This odd display of comradeship arose from a quarrel between the German and the Italian Supreme Command.

And this quarrel resulted from the British non-stop war against Axis shipping in the Mediterranean.

Contempt for "Allies"

Last month, the worried German Supreme Command demanded that the Italian navy ought to give more protection to German troop-carriers and supply ships.

Well, the Italians never had much love for Germans—those pale-faced, arrogant fellows who didn't conceal their contempt for their Italian "allies."

The Italians answered: "You can't expect our navy to compete with the English."

So the Germans decided that the Italian air force should protect the ships if their navy was not able to do the job.

Smart, lively General Pricolo, then Chief of the Italian Air Staff, set out for Hitler's headquarters to meet General Milch, Goering's right-hand man.

"The Italian air force," he declared, "is ready for the job."

Milch patted him on the back.

"Thank you," smiled Pricolo, "all we need is a sufficient force of German aircraft to assist us."

Milch, when he recovered his wits, explained that the *Luftwaffe* had no 'planes to spare. He played his trump-card by mentioning the great losses of the *Luftwaffe* while attacking Malta.

Lost Three Squadrons

"First, my dear general, I sent down to Sicily one squadron and lost it completely. I sent another squadron, and a third one—and I lost them all. We sacrificed them for you, my dear general."

But still the Italian general persisted in the impossibility of doing the job without German help.

However, the Axis ships had to be protected, because hardly a day passed without some of them being torpedoed.

The harder the Germans pressed, the less were the Italian sailors inclined to risk their lives.

Destroyed the Survivors

Thus it happened that when a large troop-carrier was torpedoed by a British submarine, the protecting Italian destroyers threw depth charges regardless of the German survivors swimming around.

Depth charges destroy life for two miles round—and hundreds of German soldiers were blown up.

You can imagine how the Africa Corps feel about it.

Meanwhile, the quarrel between the German and the Italian Supreme Commands goes on.

So does the British non-stop offensive against General Rommel's supply lines.

J. F. h.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

Science has lifted the veil from some of life's mysteries, but the world still contains many things which would be dismissed as incredible even in the form of fiction. This amazing story from the unexplored wastes of Siberia is the first of a series

By WALDO KELLAR

Frozen Beauty

DO *I* believe this story?

I don't know. I heard it from a Russian doctor of medicine. He swears that there are certain facets of the case which—wildly unbelievable though it sounds—have given him many midnight hours of thought that led nowhere.

"It is impossible," he said, "in the light of scientific knowledge. But that is still a very uncertain light. We know little of life and death and the something we call the Soul. Even of sleep we know nothing.

"I am tired of thinking about this mad story. It happened in the Belt of Eternal Frost.

"The Belt of Eternal Frost is in Siberia.

"It has been cold, desperately cold, since the beginning of things . . . a freak of climate.

"Did you know that a good deal of the world's ivory comes from there? Mammoth ivory—the tusks of prehistoric hairy elephants ten thousand years dead.

"Sometimes, men digging there unearth bodies of mammoths in a perfect state of preservation, fresh enough to eat after a hundred centuries in the everlasting refrigerator of the frost.

"Only recently, just before Hitler's invasion, Soviet scientists found, under the snow, a stable complete with horses—standing frozen stiff—horses of a forgotten tribe that perished there in the days of the mammoths.

"There were people there before the dawn of history; but the snow swallowed them. This much science knows. But as for what I am going to tell you—only God knows.

(I have no space to describe how the good Doctor, in 1919, got lost in the Belt of Eternal Frost. Out of favour with the Bolsheviks, he made a crazy journey across Siberia towards Canada. In a kind of sheltered valley in that hideous hell of ice, he found a hut.)

"I knocked. A man came; shaggy and wild as a bear, but a blond Russian. He let me in. The hut was full of smoke, and hung with traps and the pelts of fur animals.

"On the stove—one sleeps on the brick stove in the Siberian winter—lay a woman, very still. I have never seen a face quite like hers. It was bronze-tinted, and comely, broad and strong. I could not define the racial type of that face. On the cheeks were things that looked like blue tattoo-marks, and there were rings in her ears.

"'Is she asleep?' I asked, and my host replied: 'Yes; for ever.' 'I am a doctor,' I said; and he answered: 'You are too late.'

"The man betrayed no emotion. Maybe he was mad, with the loneliness of the place? Soon he told me the woman's story. Absolutely simply, he dropped his brief sentences. Here is what he said:

* * *

I HAVE lived here all my life. I think I am fifty. I do not like people around me.

About fifteen . . . no, sixteen years ago I made a long journey. I was hunting wolves, to sell their skins. I went very far, seven days' journey. Then there was a storm. I was lucky. I found a big rock, and hid behind it from the wind. I waited all night. Dawn came. I got ready to go.

Then I see something.

The wind and storm have torn up the ground in one place, and I think I see wood. I kick it. I hit it with my axe. It is wood. It breaks. There is a hole.

I make a torch with some old paper

I think I see wood. I kick it. I hit it with my axe. It is wood. It breaks. There is a hole

that I have, and drop it down. There is no poisonous air. The torch burns. I take my lamp, and, with a little prayer, I drop down.

THERE is a very long hut. It is very cold and dry. I see in the light of my lamp that there are horses. They are all standing there, frozen; one with hay or something, perhaps moss, between his teeth. On the floor is a rat, frozen stiff in the act of running. Some great cold must have hit that place all of a sudden—some strange thing, like the cold that suddenly kills the elephants that are under the snow for ever.

I go on. I am a brave man. But this place makes me afraid.

Next to the stable is a room. There are five men in the room. They have been eating some meat with their hands. But the cold that came stopped them; and they sit—one with his hand nearly in his mouth; another with a knife made of bronze. It must have been a quick, sudden cold, like the angel of death passing. On the floor are two dogs, also frozen.

In the next room there is nothing but a heap of furs on the floor, and sitting upon this heap of furs is a little girl, maybe ten years old. She was crying, ever so long ago. There are two round little pieces of ice on her cheeks, and in her hand a doll made of a bone and a piece of old fur. With this she was playing when the Death Cold struck.

I wanted more light. There was a burnt stone which was a place for a fire.

I look. I think that in the place where the horses are there will be fodder. True: there is a kind of brown dried moss. The air is dry in that place! But cold!

I take some of this moss to the stone, and put it there and set light to it. It burns up bright, but with a strong smell. It burns hot. The light comes right through the big hut, for there are no real walls between the rooms.

I look about me. There is nothing worth taking away. Only there is an axe made of bronze. I take that. Also a knife, made of bronze too; not well made, but I put it in my belt.

BACK to the room with the furs in it, where the fire is blazing bright.

I feel the furs. They are not good enough to take away. There is one fur I have never seen: a sort of grey bear-skin, very coarse. The men at the table, I think, must have been once, long ago, strong men and good hunters. They are big—bigger than you or me—with shoulders like Tartar wrestlers. But they cannot move any more.

I stand there and make ready to go. There is something in this place I do not like. It is too strange for me. I know that if there are elephants under the frost, still fresh, then why not people? But elephants are only animals. People, well, people are people.

But as I am turning, ready to go, I see something that makes my heart flutter like a bird in a snare. I am looking, I do not know why, at the little girl.

There is something that makes me sorry to see her, all alone there in that room, with no woman to see to her.

All the light and the heat of the fire is on her, and I think I see her open her eyes! But is it the fire that flickers? Her eyes open wider. I am afraid, and run. Then I pause. *If she is alive?* I think. *But no,* I say, *it is the heat that makes her thaw.*

All the same, I go back and look again. I am, perhaps, seeing dreams. But her face moves a little. I take her in my arms, though I am very afraid, and I climb with her out of that place. Not too soon. As I leave, I see the ground bend and fall in. The heat has loosened the ice that held it all together—that hut.

With the little girl under my coat, I go away.

NO, I was not dreaming. It is true. I do not know how. She moves. She is alive. She cries. I give her food; she eats.

That is her, over there, master. She was like my daughter. I taught her to talk, to sew, to cook—everything.

For thousands and thousands of years, you say, she has lain frozen under that snow—and that this is not possible. Perhaps it was a special sort of cold that came. Who knows? One thing I know. I found her down there and took her away. For fifteen years she has been with me—no, sixteen years.

Master, I love her. There is nothing else in the world that I love.

* * *

"That's all," the Doctor said.

"No doubt the man was mad. I went away an hour later. Yet I swear—her face was like no face I have ever seen, and I have travelled. Some creatures can live, in a state of suspended animation, frozen for years. No, no, no, it's quite impossible! Yet, somehow, in my heart I believe it!"

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Christmas Appeal

AT no period in earth's history have the sufferings of the people equalled those of our time.

The approach of Christmas this year accentuates a problem with which we are dealing continuously—the provision of some sort of creative comfort for those living in distress.

While we are at war Christmas cannot be wholeheartedly festive, but no one wants children to have this fact thrust too vividly upon them.

No greater joy can be given to needy parents than the provision of some little treat for their youngsters at Christmas.

With willing co-operation of our generous readers, our Fund is all the time helping the tragic victims of the 1914-18 war, whose lives have been wrecked through ill-health and unemployment.

Now there are applications on our list from men who have had to close down shops in order to join the Forces, whose wives are unable to keep out of debt directly one of the family becomes ill; families of ex-Servicemen left homeless through enemy raiders; and elderly men and women too feeble to work, who have lost every solace for their declining years through the ravages of two great wars.

Here are extracts from letters from those recently helped through the generosity of JOHN BULL readers:

A Dundee ex-Serviceman writes:

"Thank you very much indeed for your help. This is the first opportunity I have had to write, as since being able to buy some decent clothing I have got a job."

And the wife of a man whose husband is serving overseas:

"I thank you for your welcome letter. I have now been able to pay my rent arrears and start again clear of debt."

Then the widow of an ex-Serviceman tells us:

"The money received was a real blessing. Left with four young children, I really don't know what I should have done without your assistance. I can now get some warm winter clothes for the children."

So again we ask readers to continue their support and assist us to bring relief at this season to the deserving men and women who now appeal to us in their distress.

Donations earmarked "Christmas" should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Somebody Must Decide!

★ Town or country? Must the husband's or wife's wishes be the deciding factor? Well, the husband earns the money

says HUMANIST

WAR has shown us the absurdity of allowing people to swarm in big towns, thus denuding the countryside of land-workers.

But thousands of evacuees from the cities hate the villages. They find life too tame, and there is the feeling that, in order to get on, it is necessary to go to start work in a big town.

Sometimes, though, I receive a problem which moves in the reverse direction. Here is one:

Forty years ago, my friend had a wonderful opportunity to start business in a town many miles away. His wife, born and bred in the village, refused to move.

Time and again the man had opportunities to better himself; now he bitterly reproaches himself for yielding to her wishes.

His youngest son is now faced with a similar problem. His fiancée declines to marry him unless he will promise to "bide in the village."

But he is ambitious and reluctant to bind himself to stay in one place and vegetate.

He loves the girl intensely, so what can he do?

The girl may be right. There may be an excellent prospect for a successful life in the village.

But since the man has the task of making the income, surely he has the right to determine where they shall live?

If the girl loves him she will go anywhere with him—to the frozen north or the torrid south. She will work with him wherever he goes.

Of course, village life is very different from what it was a few years ago. Wireless, 'bus services, and the cheap car have linked the village to the rest of the world. There is no longer that feeling of isolation.

And it is reassuring to learn that many people who have had their first contact with country life during the present war have enjoyed it immensely.

★ ★ ★

Here is a different type of problem.

I have been married fourteen years, and have two boys. My husband is in a good job, and gives me a share of his wages.

But he won't take me out!

At least, he won't do so unless we have a row about it. He won't take me to the cinema and to the shops. He tells me to go with someone else, as he cannot be bothered.

He has to work hard for long hours, and is tired when he comes home. But I think he ought to take me out without quarrelling, don't you?

Honestly, I am not surprised that the man has no wish to go out in the evenings after very long hours at work, and, apart from that, I know that thousands of men loathe shopping.

But I imagine all wives enjoy being taken out by their husbands, and I suggest that this man might at least agree

Village life is very different from what it was a few years ago. There is no longer that feeling of isolation

to a pleasant walk or a visit to a cinema, say, once a week.

A little recreation would do them both good.

★ ★ ★

A third problem comes from a man.

What is to be done when one of the best women in the world labours under the conviction that she is a miserable sinner, and is worrying herself into a neurotic state by brooding upon her unworthiness?

Doctors and psychologists can find no remedy. Teachers of religion confirm her delusions.

Just now, in spite of war depressions, our leading church dignitaries keep insisting that the nation needs a conviction of sin. But surely there cannot be anything more likely to create a defeatist atmosphere at a time when we need supreme confidence in the righteousness of our cause?

Many people are anxious to abolish the idea of "original sin." They prefer to believe that human nature is innately good.

The fact remains that nearly everybody is haunted by a sense of guilt. As it happens, some of the greatest saints are conscious of being the chief of sinners.

But is this the time to examine the state of our individual souls?

We are in the middle of a gigantic life-and-death struggle with a World Evil—powers of darkness that threaten the whole of humanity.

If it is in our power to do anything at all in this terrific Armageddon we ought to go "all out" for the destruction of what we know to be wrong.

A great evangelist of the last century declared that he was too busy saving the souls of other people to think about his own!

I commend this idea to those who are too prone to depression about their own unworthiness

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

"BERLIN WOOL"

WOOL, over the World's eyes.
The same old Berlin Wool.
That's the astounding Peace-
Bait the Germans hope to pull.
They'll sack their Mighty Hitler,
they've lost their Precious Hess, and
Goering seems to have lost the sky
as his permanent address!

WOOL, over the World's eyes. But
you can't play that trick twice;
we swallowed it once, and the Whole
World now is Paying the Awful Price.
For there's Blood, and Torture, and
Unnamed Things on every Nazi
Hand, and it's against these things
that the World from now will United
Take its Stand.

WOOL, over the World's eyes. But
the World is Wide Awake; it
has seen the things that the Hun
can give but himself can never take.
Now the Huns are scared that this
Hell they made may go into reverse
gear, but the Peace will be OURS, in
our own good time—and WE'LL
Sound the World's "All Clear."

J. M.

To-day, London is the home of five monarchs, two presidents and nine prime ministers, comprising the lawful governments of twelve nations and the actual governments of four empires

YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN LONDON

FAMOUS people in two continents have made London their headquarters and their home.

They keep on turning up in unexpected places, these leaders of yesterday, and to-morrow.

A call went out for volunteers to test a new protective device for submarine crews. And among the first to come forward was a modest foreigner who gave his name as Juan Negrin—Prime Minister of Republican Spain!

A pilot officer gave an unnoticed farewell party to his friends before joining his squadron in the Middle East. When he last visited London he was official representative of Austria at the funeral of King George V. He is Prince von Starhemberg.

In the fire blitz a year ago a slender youth, perched on a high ladder, helped to fight the flames in the City of London. It was Robert of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria.

The nephew of his father's Chancellor during the last war has flashed across the news columns more than once as Flight-Lieutenant Count Manfred Czernin, D.F.C., destroyer of nine Nazi 'planes.

And Eddo Fimmen, the shock-headed, bespectacled leader of all the organised transport workers in the world. Not so long ago a timorous Home Secretary refused to let him come here to address the I.L.P. Summer School.

Calling all Ships

To-day we thank our stars that he escaped from Amsterdam in time to broadcast to all Dutch, Danish and Norwegian merchant ships a call from the International Transport Workers' Federation to bring their ships to the nearest British port; a call the vast majority obeyed.

General Daufresne de la Chevalerie, commanding the Belgian Forces on the Allied side, was once famous as a polo player and dashing performer at the Olympia Horse Show.

To-day, after commanding a division on the Western Front that was surrounded and forced to surrender, he can look back to two of the most amazing escapes that the brain of man conceived since Dumas wrote "Monte Cristo."

Emile Cammaerts, Belgium's greatest living poet, is here in exile again, unbroken by the memory of two invasions and still true to the philosophy of his finest poem—"The Chimes":

Sing, Belgians, sing on,
Though the heart breaks and
you bleed to die.

Madame Matthieu, the French tennis champion, is organising the Women's Service of Free France.

Fighters for Democracy in many lands have come to offer us their swords and pens and brains.

Count Karolyi, Prime Minister of the Hungary that received the Peace Treaty of 1919, has come to form a National Committee of Free Hungarians.

Lieutenant-Colonel von Kahle, formerly of the Imperial German army and later commander of the International Brigade that saved Madrid, is anxious to form his anti-Nazi compatriots into a military force.

Rumania's only D.S.O. has just arrived by devious ways. Once Colonel of Carol's Royal Guard, he has, for the second time, left his country because he will not work with the Germans.

A Living Symbol

Stout old Todorof, leader of the Bulgarian Peasants, condemned to death six times by the Sultan, the Tsar, two Bulgarian kings and Hitler; by turns a starving guerilla, a captain in the French Foreign Legion, a Minister of State and an "undesirable refugee," but always the most popular man in his country, is here as the living symbol of Balkan Democracy.

In London now, too, is John Gunther, bluff, broad-shouldered author of "Inside Europe." He told us five years ago what would happen if we did not face the facts about Hitler.

Dr. Benes, who, with the late President Masaryk, created Czechoslovakia, is striving to recreate the nation that, after waiting 300 years for its freedom, was brutishly destroyed in a night.

Ladislas Sikorski, Prime Minister of Poland for the second time after being War Minister and Commander-in-Chief, is one of the few professional soldiers who sacrificed a career to their faith in Democracy.

For ten years before the war he lived in self-imposed exile as a protest against the authoritarian trend in the Poland he did so much to resurrect.

A few days ago he questioned a young recruit just escaped from Poland, who shyly addressed him as "Colonel."

"Colonel," sighed the soldier Premier, "Colonel! Thanks for that compliment; I feel ten years younger."

Assured Her Resurrection

Peter, the boy King of Jugo-Slavia, who, it seems, left us only yesterday to mount the throne left empty when Italian-paid terrorists murdered his father in Marseilles, is back in England again.

He drove out the quislings too late to save his country, but in time to assure her resurrection and upset Hitler's strategy by enough days for Britain to secure the Middle East.

Two young princes from Europe have enlisted with us. Bernhardt of the Netherlands, the German-born consort of a Dutch princess, and Olaf, Crown Prince of Norway, who, with a loyal band of friends, keeps the spirit and hopes of his freedom-loving people alive.

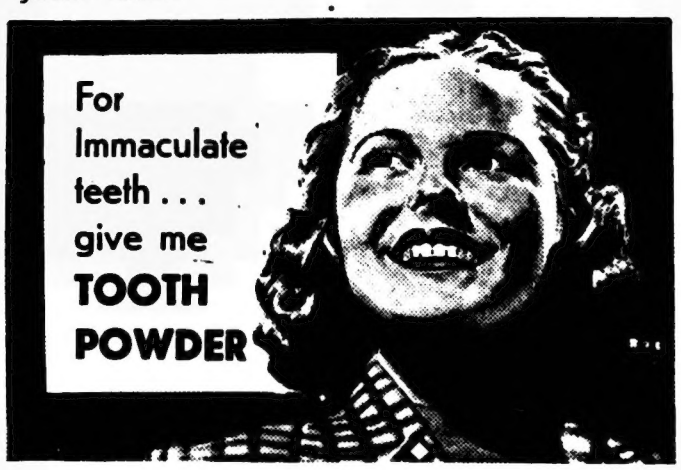
But I think the bravest exile of them all is that unnamed Polish girl who twice crossed Nazi Germany to bring to her countrymen here the standard which the women of Poland had embroidered secretly under the noses of the Gestapo.

Others have come and gone. The widow of Pilsudski remains our guest, the widow of Dr. Dollfuss lately left us. The gifted daughter of the still more gifted Madam Curie, discoverer of radium, is temporarily on a mission for us to the United States.

Elie Bois, most vigorous of Paris editors and the most versatile, died here in exile.

But the Emperor of Abyssinia is back upon his throne—a most convincing precedent and pointer for them all.

GEORGE EDINGER.



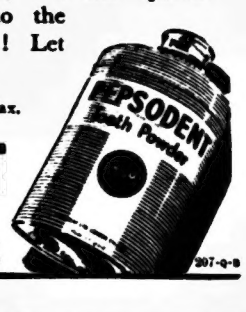
PEPSODENT POWDER—the only one with the plus of IRIUM

What a thrill you're going to get when you start using Pepsodent tooth *Powder*—with its marvellous newly discovered cleansing agent, IRIUM. Your teeth will look brighter, your mouth feel fresher, because the vigorous action of IRIUM'S gentle, powerful cleansing will purify and freshen every corner of your mouth and teeth. Surface stains and hidden food particles alike are floated away. New brilliance shines in your teeth, a livelier sparkle illuminates your smile. Change to the IRIUM tooth *Powder* today and see! Let others see, too.

7½d., 1/3 and 2/2 including Tax.

PEPSODENT

THE *Irium* TOOTH POWDER



207-Q-B

THE LAST LAUGH

N. R. T. (Hackney).—"I have heard that there are women plasterers in the United States." Ah, yes, but there is no shortage of cosmetics there.

W. N. (Norwich).—"When a tap was turned by a Rumanian soldier in Odessa, a delayed action bomb exploded, injuring several people." Which only proves that in strange countries it is wiser to drink bottled beer.

F. H. (Freshwater).—"Many film stars in Hollywood are said to be economising." We hear of one who has declared that she will make this year's husband do for 1942, too.

L. M. (Chester).—"Many men prefer to grind their own coffee at the breakfast table." It certainly is an idea when wives insist on reading bits out of the paper.

Mrs. H. (Ilfracombe).—"Now that the weather is cold, I am thankful that I do not have to protect my meat against bluebottles." You should also be thankful that you have some meat to protect.

S. Y. (Tunbridge Wells).—"Mice are really friendly little creatures." But their faith in humanity must be ebbing. So few people can afford to put cheese in mouse-traps nowadays.

P. B. (Ferrybridge).—"Some years ago the rank and file of the Nazi party gave Hitler an illuminated address." The R.A.F. hope to do the same thing.

J. N. (Esher).—"To find a horseshoe complete with all its nails is particularly lucky." Not if you have a car and find it embedded in one of your tyres.

W. B. (Chenies).—"I wrote a short story on a Hyde Park seat the other day." We are glad you are taking the paper shortage so seriously.

G. L. (Aberdeen).—"I cannot believe that Christmas will be here in less than a month." Don't you even trust your own calendar now?

L. V. (Lewes).—"After paying him several pounds to build me a place in which I could keep a few fowls, he left the district without doing a thing." So you didn't even get a run for your money.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Ain't yer got a book o' ghost stories yer could lend me, Sergeant?"

RECRUIT (Colchester).—"Can you think of anything worse than sleeping on a concrete floor?" Yes, keeping awake on it.

A. A. (Dulverton).—"I don't want to worry you about my domestic troubles, but last week my wife threw an aspidistra at me. Is that fair?" No. It's certainly not the way to treat an aspidistra.

E. N. C. (Swansea).—"Trousers are certainly becoming very popular for feminine wear." Yes, we hear of a husband who woke up in the middle of the night to find his wife absent-mindedly going through her own pockets.

H. W. (Maida Vale).—"I have a bone to pick with you." Thanks, but don't worry. We had two for lunch yesterday.

PRIVATE (East Coast).—"I've just received £5. Isn't that something to write home about?" We agree—it was well worth the stamp.

A. T. (Burnley).—"One of my hens laid seven eggs in the first five days of last week." So that she could have the week-end to herself, we suppose.

Side-Slips

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Every effort is being made to find work for older women who are temporarily unemployed through the CLOTHING of mills."

EVENING STANDARD:—"An alternative to the scheme for mobilising the Home Guard for two weeks' continuous RAINING in their own districts is suggested to me."

Palmolive gives you the luxury of an olive oil lather—rich, generous, softening—the lather only possible in a shaving cream made to Palmolive's own secret formula. That's why you always get such a perfect shave with Palmolive. More! Palmolive soothes the skin and leaves it smooth and supple, now and unique after-shave comfort.

1. *Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.* One half-inch on the brush gives volumes of rich, soothing lather—economy.
2. *Softens the beard in one minute.* Your whiskers are naturally oil coated. Palmolive removes that oil instantly. Turns wiry hair soft in 60 seconds.
3. *Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.* Other lather dries on the face, makes it taut, stiff. Palmolive lather stays soft. Bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving. Hair stands upright for clean cutting. Razor can't slip. Blade glides over the face.
4. *Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.*
5. *Fine after effects due to olive-oil content.* Acts like a fine after-shave lotion—wonderful!

Brittles go west!

before the OLIVE OIL SHAVE

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

7½d. 1/3 1/10½d. Including Tax.

SWAT HITLER WITH THIS!

● **So you have reached the last page of JOHN BULL.**

What are you going to do with this copy?

Let us tell you a few facts before you answer.

You are the custodian not merely of something that has served its main purpose, but of a most important munition of war.

Machines are waiting to turn the paper you have in your hand into:

Shell cups for two 25-pounder shells which, cleverly aimed, could destroy a big Nazi tank;

An important part of the fuse-assembly of the monster naval shells that destroyed an Italian fleet at Cap Matapan;

An internal assembly for half one of the mines we lay to keep invaders away;

Dust-covers for three Spitfire engines;

Boxes for two rifle bullets;

Or two cut-out targets for the training of Commandos.

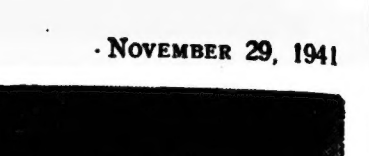
British sailors risked their lives to bring the paper for this copy to Britain.

But you can impair it by treating it thoughtlessly, or lose it to the war effort altogether by destroying it.

You won't do it, we feel sure. You will take steps to see that it is properly salvaged.

You will swat Hitler with it!

If you find any difficulty in getting your salvage collected—write to JOHN BULL about it.



Result of "BULLETS" 1,298

FIRST PRIZE £50.

Miss L. Gray, 67, St. Helens Road, Bolton.
Example: ACROSS THE ATLANTIC
Bullet: CHIC! CHIC! CUT-STRIPING "TRUE"

£20: Mrs. V. Eastwood, 62, Davigdor Road, Hove.
Example: Broken
Bullet: "Busting" With Army Polishing.

£10: Miss D. Fleming, St. Mary's Abbey, Hill Hill, N.W.7.
Example: Britain's Team
Bullet: "First," If Without "Division."

£5: Mrs. W. Brown, Hamilton, Winnersh, Wokingham.
Britain's Team—Surely Tried—Surely Triumphant.

£4: J. F. Raine, 55, Calmont Rd., Bromley, Kent.
Crazy World—One "Hail Hater" Made.

£3: F. Berrington, 89, Hermitage Rd., Coalville, Leicester.
Rail For Britain's—"Time-table," Whitehall's Constant "Shunting."

£2: E. J. Hayward, 29, Chipstead St., Fulham, S.W.6.
How He Got On—Aimed Way—And Why.

20s.: T. May, 66, Brunswick St., Edinburgh.
Heard in The Black-out—"Sand-bag? That's My Husband!"

20s.: J. Beale, The Drift, West Wratting, Cambridge.
On Munitions—"Making Sparks Fly," Advisable.

20s.: H. Barker, 38, Avondale Rd., Doncaster.
On Munitions—Landlady "Charged" "Cartridges Twice!"

20s.: E. Esseen, 223, Ware Road, Hertford.
Britain's Team—At Whitehall, "Passing" Buck!

20s.: R. Grafton, 400, Beverley Rd., Hull.
On Munitions—Sammy—Dad's Cigarettes Exploding!

Xmas Dinner Award with 3 Child Prizes Above.

A list of 3 Winners of 25s. and 50 Winners of Xmas Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

65 XMAS PRIZES

WON IN XWORD No. 250

WINNING WORDS:—1. Walk. 2. Gales. 3. Raft 4. End or Knit. 5. Gather. 6. Hams. 7. Shave. 8. Chert. 9. Hint. 10. Chew. 11. Wretch. 12. Orb. 13. Leader. 14. Wash.

SIX £100 SHARERS: Mrs. R. Atkins, Hms 1, R.N.A.S. Lydd, c/o G.P.O., London; W. A. Burkitt, 14, Queen St., New Edmington, Chesterfield; S. Clarke, Orchard View, Dunham Massey, Altrincham; Miss H. Connolly, 29, Pond St., Glasgow; Miss I. Robinson, 27, Summerfield St., Glasgow; Mrs. D. Smith, Station House, Rudgwick, Hp. Auckland.

Runners-up Awards, value £25, shared between 59 entrants. In addition, Xmas Pudding goes to each prize-winner in this Contest.

LAST XMAS PRIZES NEXT PAGE

"What! no walkies tonight?"

HOME is the best place for your dog after blackout time—even though he thinks it's just the night for another go at that rat!

But remember, blackouts mean serious loss of exercise for dogs. The result is that the bloodstream becomes overcharged with poisonous waste products. These *must* be corrected. That is why regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders is now more necessary than ever.

One Bob Martin's once a day will make (and keep) your dog a 'plus' dog—always in sparkling condition, always a happy, devoted companion.

In packets of 9 powders 7d., or 28 for 2/1d.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders keep dogs fit

QUICKEST & SAFEST for your COLD

Phensic kills the germs in your Bloodstream

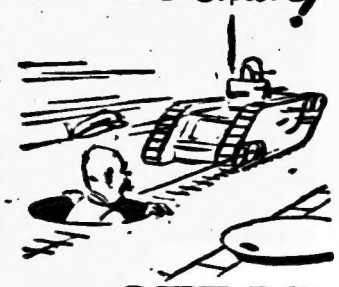
A cold-stopper can be called *quick* only when you feel the benefit of a dose within a few minutes of taking. It can only be called *safe* if young and old can take it without harm to the heart or risk of upset to the stomach. On these counts Phensic is both *QUICKEST* and *SAFEST*. Two tablets exert a very powerful, yet harmless effect. Try Phensic at once!

3½d., 6½d., 1/4, 2/3 and 5/4. *(including Purchase Tax)*

Phensic

Pronounced "FEN-SIK"

A close shave!



STEAD
RAZOR BLADES
ON THE WEEKLY WALLET

★

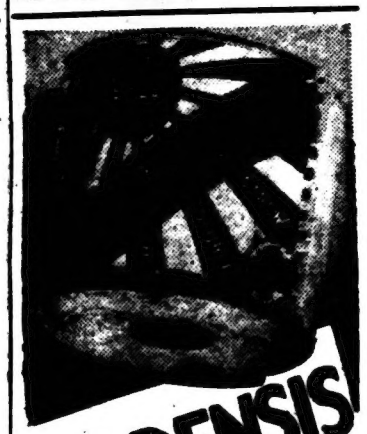
Makers also of
STEAD SILVER STEEL
RAZOR BLADES

Don't lose sleep *through* NIGHT COUGHS

SLEEP is not always possible; for reasons beyond your control, but there is no need to lose sleep through night attacks of coughing. Quite apart from the danger implied by the fact that you *have* these night attacks, there is the imperative fact that you must not lose a precious moment when sleep *is* possible.

It is within your power to stop that night coughing agony. The remedy is **VENO'S** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE.** Take a double dose in warm water before you go to bed. Keep the bottle by your bedside and if you wake with a coughing attack, take a dose at once. **VENO'S** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE** will end those paroxysms, give you restful sleep, free and easy breathing, strengthen your chest and lungs and *arrest the development of dangerous germs.* Get a bottle at once.

VENO'S *Lightning* **COUGH CURE** is sold everywhere. 1/4 & 3/3 per bottle. *(Inc. Pur. Tax).*



CAPENSIS

GUARANTEED 100% PURE
EXTRA SOFT

The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

Made only by
The BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co. Ltd.
HACKNEY WICK • • • • LONDON, E.9.

A MAGNIFICENT 27-PIECE COMBINATION BREAKFAST, TEA & SUPPER SET

1st Grade STAFFORDSHIRE MADE IVORY GLAZED SEMI-PORCELAIN

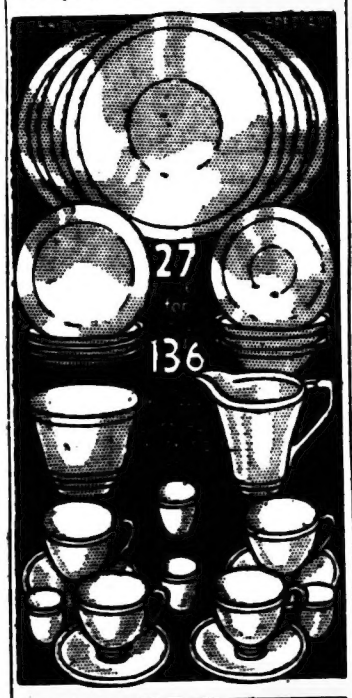
Here is "John Bull's" great War-time Surprise Offer to every reader!

A magnificent 27-piece All-purpose Combination Breakfast, Tea and Supper Set in First-grade Ivory Glazed Semi-Porcelain. Of elegant design and finished with neat green and blue coloured line decoration—all for only 13/6d., plus 1/6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance against breakage, etc. This Set is made for us by a world-famous Staffordshire Pottery.

4 Teacups, 4 Saucers, 4 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 4 Tea Plates, 4 Breakfast or Supper Plates, 4 Egg Cups, Bread and Butter Plate, Cream Jug and Sugar Basin.

Only a limited number of Sets is available; all applications will be dealt with in strict rotation, and only one Set is available to each Reader.

Do not delay, make sure of your Set by completing the Order-Label below AT ONCE and posting with your Remittance TO-DAY!



"JOHN BULL'S", SPECIAL COMBINATION SET OFFER

To "JOHN BULL," Dept. C., 128, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

I desire to avail myself of your Special Offer and enclose herewith P.O. for 13/6d. plus 1/6d. towards the cost of Carriage, Packing and Insurance against Breakage—

15/- in all.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK CAPITALS.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Cross Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

29/11/41.

FINAL GRAND OFFER of XMAS FRANTS!

XMAS PUDDINGS FOR X-WORDS—ONE WITH EVERY PRIZE!

£100 CASH 1st PRIZE £25 VALUE IN RUNNERS-UP AWARDS

For result of Xword No. 250, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
SOME PEOPLE REGARD THE STRUTTING DUCK AS ONE	F R C E			
GOOD GUESSWORK MAY BE TIME IN ROYAL AIR FORCE	W A T E D			
A SOLDIER'S SHOULD HAVE ABSOLUTELY ASSOLAGE SUPERVISION	F E E			
SOME EXPERIMENTS HAVE NO USE FOR ANY	E E R			
PURCHASER SHOULDN'T GET HIMSELF BE DOUBLE EXPOSURE ON	B R G			
THERE'S LIKELY TO BE MONEY IN FUR TRADE'S	E L T			
ONE SULKED AT AN ASSOLE MAY WELL EMBODY SOMEONE IS GAMBLED	C A			
CAREFULLY ARRANGED, THIS OFTEN HELPS TO COMPLETE PRETTY PICTURE	P O S			
SOME PEOPLE CAN IDENTIFY ONE BY ITS BARK	O G			
WHAT MAY BE ARRIVED BY ALMOST ANY KIND OF	B A B L E			
BATTLESHIP'S MIDDLE MAY WELL SEEM TIRE TO SHOOT SOMEWHERE	T I C K			
FRUIT OFTEN CAUSES SUDDEN ONE	S N A			
SHERRY HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO MANY THOUSANDS OF HOMES BY	D C E			
THIS HELPS GARDEN TO YIELD BETTER CROP	O R K			

FREE ENTRIES Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 8.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose herewith P.O. or stamps value of entry-fee, including cost of "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

No. 254

—CUT ROUND THIS LINE—

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Result First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, but in this case being aptness and accuracy of answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Result Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Result in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated December 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

CASH XMAS CAKES £50 £20 £10 XMAS DINNERS! £5 £4 £3 £2

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES" To make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below.

FOR CHRISTMAS
MAN IN KHAKI
NEXT YEAR
THE AXIS
HEARD AT THE CANTEEN
DOVE OF PEACE
HEART TO HEART TALK
DOOMED
PUBLIC BENEFACTOR
JOB FOR A WOMAN
IN SONNY'S STOCKING
TO SIMPLIFY MATTERS
FAIR SHARE

HANG UP THE HOLLY AND
SHIRKING
BEHIND THE SCENES
TRIUMPHANTLY
DOESN'T PAY
SUPERHUMAN EFFORT
HE COULDN'T TAKE IT, SO

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

PRESENT FOR.....
LOVE OF .....
PEOPLE WHO .....
BACK TO THE .....
TOO MUCH .....
SHOWS HE'S NO.....

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,298 appears on page 14

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

TWO FREE EFFORTS may be enclosed with each four paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon, including cost of "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,302 Closing Postmark, MON., DEC. 8

Signed .....

Address .....

—CUT ROUND THIS LINE—

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,302—or Xword No. 254, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Here is the perfect Gift List—

AND THIS IS FATHER XMAS READING IT!

None of us this year will want to give Christmas presents which use up labour and material essential to the War effort. But there can be happy smiles and warm thanks on Christmas morning all the same. National Savings Gift Tokens make perfect presents—perfect for everyone, because each one you give (or receive) means more power for the Nation's war effort. War Savings actually increase in value as time goes on—that's another great advantage. Decide on Gift Tokens now for all your circle and post them, hang them on the tree or pop them into Christmas stockings.

National Savings **GIFT TOKENS**

Xmas Cards
FOR SAVINGS STAMPS
These are ideal for more modest gifts. You can "stamp" them for any amount with sixpenny or half-crown National Savings Stamps. These cards are **FREE.**

Gift Tokens and Xmas Cards are available at Post Offices, Trustee Savings Banks and through War Savings Groups. They can be used to make deposits in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks, or for conversion into Savings Certificates. You can obtain Tokens up to any amount in units of 15/-.

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE, LONDON

Let Dr Carrot protect you

"Call me in often enough, and you'll keep well," says Dr. Carrot. Vitamin A is essential to good health; and carrots are one of its richest sources. Thanks to the British farmer there's a grand crop.

Here's the first of a new series of carrot recipes:

Carrot and Creamed Potatoes

Scrape and slice 1½ lbs. of carrots; cook till tender in ¾ pint of water, with a teaspoonful of sugar and ½ teaspoon sweet herbs. Dish up and keep hot, saving the water. Melt a little dripping, thoroughly blend into it a tablespoonful of flour, gradually stir in carrot liquor. Cook until smooth and thick. Meanwhile boil and mash 1 lb. potatoes. Ring a dish with the mashed potato, put carrots in centre. Pour sauce over. A dish that looks good, tastes good, and *is* good.

C1

Blood on your brush
means danger...

It warns you of gum-rot (pyorrhœa) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). To stop this, use Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste. The Sodium Ricinoleate it contains is what your own dentist uses for gum treatment. Use Gibbs S.R. *regularly* and keep firm, healthy gums.

Gibbs "S.R." TOOTHPASTE
7½d & 1/6

GR 109-9-69 D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1.

I KEEP FIT

—and so can you!

Beecham's Pills have an all-round effect on health because they are the perfect laxative—gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Get yourself some Beecham's Pills to-day—they have been trusted by four generations.

Purely vegetable
Beecham's Pills
Sold Everywhere

Prices in Gt. Britain (inc. Purchase Tax) 1/4 & 3/3 per box. Also in Pennyworths.

Now as always.
THE BEST VALUE ON THE MARKET

★ *Still made from stocks of fine tobaccos carefully selected and stored in large quantities to ensure that the De Reszke standard of quality is maintained.*

20 FOR 1/1½
10 FOR 6½D
Cork-tipped as well as Plain

16 FOR 10½D

For Blood, Veins Arteries and Heart

Elasto
The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of *'Elasto,' the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.* Get a supply from your chemist or write for a Free Sample and Booklet.

'ELASTO' (Dept. 153M), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

'Elasto' is sold by Chemists everywhere.

To Keep Your Skin Clear and Healthy

Use Cuticura, the MEDICINAL and TOILET soap. Its marvellously refining, antiseptic lather clears away blemishes and gives you a beautifully clear complexion, radiant with health.

Cuticura SOAP

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free all over the world 17s. 6d. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.

J.B.L. 264 ★ 880